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A NEW MEXICO

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A NEW MEXICO DAVID

A NEW MEXICO DAVID

AND OTHER

Stories and Sketches of the Southwest

BY

CHARLES F. LUMMIS

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1891

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THESE true pictures of the wonderful and almost unknown Southwest are part of the fruits of years of residence and study, and several hundreds of thousands of miles of travel on foot, on horseback, and by rail, through this strange land. They are not the impressions of a random tourist across its bare, brown waste, but are drawn from intimacy with its quaint peoples, its weird customs, and its dangers. As such, I shall be glad if they interest my young countrymen, for whom they were drawn.

C. F. L.

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A NEW MEXICO DAVID.

I DOUBT very much if Lucario Montoya had ever heard of that wonderful fight of long ago between the shepherd stripling and Goliath of Gath. Certainly he had never read of those things, for a book would have been the most incomprehensible of mysteries to Lucario. But in the great and wonderful volume of Out-of-Doors he was an apt scholar, for in that he had had the most learned of schoolmasters — his Mexican father and his Indian acquaintances.

He could go out into the travelled road and read from the straggling hieroglyphics of the dust how long it had been since the last party passed; whether they were Mexicans or Indians, men or women, travelling fast or slowly, by night or by day. He could not read it half so well as an Indian, but he was a famous trailer none the less. In all out-door sports, too, that were known then and there, he was an expert. When, on their feast-days, the young men of Cebolleta used to bury a rooster to its wattles in the sand, and mounting their horses two hundred yards away ride down in a whirlwind gallop, swinging low from the saddle

to pluck up that tiny mark as they thundered past, it was Lucario oftener than any other who swept triumphant down the valley with half a hundred reckless riders in mad pursuit; with shrill yells swinging that feathered club about his head to beat off those who grappled him. Pistols there were none in New Mexico in those days, and of guns only the old Spanish flintlock muskets. But with bow and arrows Lucario won many a pony and gay blanket in matches with the Navajos and Utes. With the reata he was equally skilful, and more than once had lassoed antelope in the prairies along the Agua Azul, a feat of which the most practiced "roper" might well feel proud.

Above all, he could throw the knife. It was the favorite weapon of his race, and one in the deadly use of which they have never been excelled. Many an Indian had bitten the dust in the hand-to-hand struggles which were then so common between the settlers and their savage neighbors — pierced through and through by the shining *cuchillo largo* of some brave Cebolletan. Ever since his boyhood Lucario had practised throwing his knife, and now from forty feet away he could drive it quivering two inches deep into a foot circle of wood. With the arm hanging at full length, he placed the knife point forward in the open palm. Then he shoved his arm suddenly forward, with a sort of scooping motion, and off flew the glittering missile.

All this Lucario was at home in; but if you had

shown him a book, with those funny little black things chasing each other across the white paper, I am sorry to say he would have been quite lost.

Lucario was a shepherd, and tended one of the flocks of Don Refugio when the Indians were sufficiently quiet to admit of any sallying forth from the little walled town. Though known for his athletic accomplishments, he was neither tall nor very muscular, but an ordinary lad of seventeen, who might weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, but making up in wiriness, skill, and agility what he lacked in brute strength. His straight, jet hair fell below his shoulders; his face — just showing a faint, dark fuzz — was thin, but with a vivid red shining through the olive skin, and his black eyes were large and wonderfully bright.

It was in 1840 — eight years before New Mexico became part of the United States. It was then the Province of New Mexico — a colony of Old Mexico, and governed by a Viceroy sent thence.

Of our race, who arrogate to themselves distinctively the name "Americans," there were hardly any in the province — perhaps a dozen in all. But of the descendants of the hardy Spanish pioneers who became Americans long before any English-speaking people did, there were many thousands. But they were heavily outnumbered by the Indians, of whom there were many powerful hostile tribes. The Pueblos, a race of quiet farmers who dwelt in as good houses as the Mexicans them-

selves, had made their last protest, more than a century before, against the occupancy of the Spanish, and were now excellent neighbors. But the Apaches, the Navajos, the Utes, the Piutes, the Uncompahgres, and the Comanches had never been conquered, and were incessantly warring upon the settlers. Lucario's father, mother, grandfather, great-grandfather, five uncles, two older brothers, and I know not how many more distant relatives, had all been killed by the Indians, and his was by no means an unparalleled case of bereavement.

This year the Utes had been doing their cruelest work in Western New Mexico. They had surprised several hamlets and massacred all in them, had cut off many shepherds, stolen many thousand sheep, and made unsuccessful but disastrous assaults upon Cebolleta and other small fortified towns. It had become unbearable, and the chief men throughout New Mexico had met and subscribed money to send out against the Indians a thousand volunteers under the command of the brave Manuel Chaves. Lucario's only surviving uncle — his father's eldest brother — was second in command; and Lucario, to his great delight, was allowed to join the expedition.

The force marched far northward, past the Cabezón ("Big Head") — a strange peak of rock, apparently larger at the top than at the bottom. Two days later, they camped in the plains below the giant range of Jemez, having sighted a large

force of Utes in the timber ahead. The New Mexicans, who were outnumbered four to one, entrenched themselves as best they might, to await the attack. The Utes came skimming about the camp on their fleet horses, with taunting gestures, but taking good care to keep beyond the range of the flintlocks.

One gigantic savage, mounted upon a large and snow-white mustang, made himself particularly conspicuous. He was plainly a chief. His buckskin suit of soft black was beautifully fringed, and resplendent with silver buttons. He was fully seven feet tall, and immensely broad across the shoulders. His horsemanship was wonderful, and the brave New Mexicans, who could appreciate the good points of even an enemy, were lost in admiration.

"*Ah! Que guapo!*"¹ they cried, as he swept past them like the wind, now vaulting to his feet in the saddle, now altogether disappearing on the farther side of his horse, and shooting arrows at them from under the horse's neck with astonishing force and accuracy, and now leaping from saddle to ground and back from ground to saddle, all without a break in his mad gallop.

"Who dares come out into the plain and fight me alone?" he cried, suddenly wheeling his horse and riding broadside past them, not more than a hundred yards away. "If you have any great

¹ "What a strong, fine man!"

the challenge
warrior, let him come. If I kill him, you shall go back to your homes and follow us no more. But if he kills me, then my people will return to the country of the Utes, and end the war."

There were brave men in plenty among the New Mexicans, and I doubt not that many volunteers might have been found to take up the huge Ute's challenge. But before any one else had stirred, Lucario ran to his uncle, who was talking with Colonel Chaves.

"Uncle," he said, "I am young, and the last of the family. Let me go out to this boastful *barbaro*! If I die, there are none to mourn; but if I kill him, with the help of San Esteban, then we are relieved from war, and you shall feel proud of your brother's son."

Don José was a man of rough exterior, though of a good heart. Brave himself, he admired bravery and loathed cowardice.

"Go, then," he said gruffly, "but look that thou kill him! Come back without his head, and I will kill thee!"

"And if thou bring his head," said Colonel Chaves, "I will make thee a captain this very day!"

Lucario waited to hear no more. Running to where his pet pony Alazan was picketed, he pulled up the picket-pin and removed it from his long reata of braided horsehair. Having taken all the kinks out of the rope and seen that the noose would

run easily through its loop, he coiled and hung it upon his saddle-bow. He loosened the heavy knife in its sheath, which was sewed upon the side of his buckskin breeches, tested the arrows in his quiver to be sure that they were all well feathered; and, leaping lightly to the saddle, rode slowly out into the plain with a quiet "Good by, my friends!"

When the Utes saw how small was the horse, and what a slender stripling its rider, they set up yells of derisive laughter. The giant chief was particularly merry, and rode down toward Lucario slowly, showing his large white teeth, and calling, "Are there no men among you, that you send out a child to me for a mouthful?"

Most of the New Mexicans were somewhat familiar with the language of the Utes, and Lucario understood the taunt perfectly. "Truly, I am but a small mouthful," he called back, "but perhaps a bitter one! We shall see."

When he was within fifty yards, he sent a sudden arrow whistling at his huge foe. The motion was so cat-like and unexpected that the Ute had scarce time to "duck" to the side of his horse, and the arrow pierced his ear.

With a grunt of mingled astonishment and appreciation of the lad's skill the Indian drew his own heavy bow, giving the string a tug that would have sent its shaft through a buffalo. But Lucario was watching, and when the arrow came, it passed a foot above the saddle, and found nothing there.

His own second arrow merely grazed the Ute's horse; and now, seeing that he had no ordinary marksman to deal with, the Indian clung to his horse's side and began galloping around and around Lucario, shooting at him from under the horse's neck, but never exposing so much of himself as a whole hand. Lucario adopted the same tactics, and so skilfully, that in a few minutes each had spent all his arrows, and neither was more than scratched.

The Utes had all ridden out from the timber, and were drawn up in an irregular line a few hundred feet away, watching the curious fight with intense interest. About as far away on the other side were the New Mexicans, who had also mounted to get a better view.

Lucario swung erect into his saddle. "With the reata!" he shouted, uncoiling his own rope, and running it rapidly through his hands till he had the long running-noose ready and trailing from his right hand back upon the ground. The Ute understood, and did likewise. Then they went galloping around each other, wheeling, charging, dodging, swinging the long nooses around their heads, and watching their chance. The horses understood this game as well as their riders, and played as important a part in it. Both were rough-haired; but their deer-like legs, small fine heads, and arching necks bespoke their descent from the noble Arab steeds brought here by the

Spanish Conquistadores in 1541 — the first horses in America, and ancestors of all the “wild horses” of the plains.

Lucario soon found this a very different business from lassoing even antelope. It took all his quickness of eye and all his agility to keep that deadly noose from settling down over his own neck. At last the Indian let the reata fly suddenly as he was passing, at the same instant wheeling his horse inward to gain the necessary distance. He had calculated wonderfully well, and the move was too quick for Lucario, but Alazan had seen it and made a mighty sidewise bound. The noose swept across his flanks and fell empty to the ground, and Lucario, as his intelligent horse wheeled back with wonderful rapidity, dropped his own rope deftly over the head of the Indian before the latter had recovered himself. Giving a quick turn of the rope around his saddle-bow, the boy touched the spurs to Alazan.

For an instant it looked as though he “had” the Indian, and would unseat and drag him to death, and the New Mexicans yelled exultantly. But the vast strength of the Ute, and the quickness and superior weight of his horse, saved him. Snatching the taut rope with his brawny arms, he gave it a turn around his saddle-bow, lifted the relieved noose over his head, and cut it with his knife.

His face was no longer smiling, but contorted

with savage passions. He forgot his challenge to a fair combat, and now thought only of killing this saucy boy and saving himself from disgrace, if not death.

He began circling again around Lucario, all the time stealthily edging nearer to his people. Suddenly one of them dashed out from the line and tossed him a long, sharp lance. He caught it deftly, and brandishing it aloft came charging down upon Lucario like a thunderbolt.

For an instant the boy was dumbfounded by this treachery. His arrows gone, his reata useless — should he fly? No! He knew well that his stern uncle had meant every word; he would rather see him dead than in flight.

Ah! His knife! He whipped it from its sheath and held it down beside him, putting Alazan to a gentle canter toward the Ute. They were not more than fifteen yards apart—in an instant the shock must come. And then, his big eyes shining like coals, Lucario rose suddenly in his stirrups with a flashing, overhead motion of his right arm, and dug the rowels into Alazan's flanks, twisting his head sharply to the left.

The Ute giant swayed in his saddle and lurched heavily to the ground, while his scared horse went on down the valley like the wind. The New Mexicans dashed forward, and snatching the fainting Lucario from his saddle, carried him into camp. The Ute had hurled his heavy lance at the

same instant, and it had passed through Lucario's arm, making a ghastly hole. But when they went to the fallen giant, he was quite dead. The boy's heavy knife had smitten him squarely between the eyes; and stout Patricio had to press his heel upon the Ute's throat before he could tug out the bedded blade.

According to the compact, the Utes were already galloping away; and it was many months before they made another foray into that portion of New Mexico.

Lucario recovered from his wound, and distinguished himself as a captain in several subsequent Indian wars. He bade fair to become one of the noted men of New Mexico; but in January, 1850, he was among the victims of that bloody night at San Miguel, when the lurking Apaches surprised and massacred the flower of New Mexican soldiery — "the Brave Thirty of Cebolleta."

HOW I LOST MY SHADOW.

“The Man Who Lost His Shadow” in an old and well-known story was no relative of mine; but there was a time when I lost *my* shadow, and it seemed to me a much more serious affair than the mythical gentleman of that ingenious story suffered. Surely no sun-cast shadow was ever so worthy to be mourned as was the one I lost, for mine was faithful flesh and blood.

It was in the early autumn of 1884 that I started alone on what was perhaps the longest pedestrian trip ever undertaken for pure pleasure, without wager or reward — a walk from Cincinnati, Ohio, to Los Angeles, California, by a circuitous route which made the entire length of the journey thirty-five hundred and seven miles; and occupied more than one hundred and forty days.

Really to learn a country and its people, the traveller should be on foot and unhurried, as ample experience with bicycle, horseback, and carriage tours had long ago convinced me. It was a glorious trip, always brimming with interest, frequently spiced with danger, and full of hardship, and it has left me some of the brightest and some of the saddest memories of my life.

One crisp evening late in November I came down from a rabbit-hunt in the hills to the lonely section-house of San Carlos, a dozen miles south of the rough iron city of Pueblo, Colorado. The section-men were lifting the hand-car from the track, and the welcome smell of supper was in the air. As I came up, a tall, clean-built young greyhound flew out at me, and one of the men gave him a savage curse and kick that sent him away howling.

"Whose dog is that?" I asked sharply.

"Nobody's. Anybody 's'll take him kin hev him."

"I'll take him," said I; but it was more easily said than done. It cost me two hours of coaxing after supper to get the poor, starved pup even to snap a morsel from my hand and fly again; but at last we tolled him into the bunk-house, shut the door and tied him, after a lively fight in which several of us were slightly bitten.

He was a fine pup, nearly full-blooded, black as a coal, thirty inches tall, and not over four months old. His owner, a well-to-do but kinless contractor, had recently died, leaving the dog to the rough mercies of the section-men, from whom he had never had "a square meal" nor a kind word.

Next morning we had another half-hour fight when I tried to lead him by a stout cord; but at last he yielded to the inevitable, and followed me under protest, frequently jerking hard at the wrist to which I had tied his cord. That very afternoon

he lost me a fine antelope buck by leaping aside just as I fired, and jerking my Winchester so that the bullet struck a hundred yards from its aim.

Three days later, as we toiled up the rugged vertebræ of the Rocky Mountains by a trail a few miles south of the celebrated Veta Pass, he was tagging along so contentedly at my heels, and my rifle and blankets so fully claimed my attention, that I gave him his liberty. He came crouching up to me, still mindful of the brutalities he had known before we met, and licked my hand appealingly. It was the first time he had shown affection or seemed to enjoy a caress, but now he was unmistakably happy, though he still "rejoiced with trembling." When I had patted him and rose to go on, he fell dutifully into line at my heels and trotted automatically there, never swerving save now and then to poke his long, cold nose into my swinging hand, as if to say, "Here I am. Don't forget me!"

We passed that night in the log-cabin of a queer old miner in Wagon Creek Cañon, and the dog voluntarily curled up against my chest, and slept with his nose thrust under my chin. Thenceforth he was really *mine*, and for over fifteen hundred miles I had as true a friend as ever followed, a companion who always thought my way the best way, who shared with equal content my joys and my hardships, never whined at long marches and short rations, and loved me as only the great, hon-

est heart of an intelligent dog can love his master. It is only in such companionship, too, that a man can fully appreciate the value of a dog's friendship. When every day revealed to me the selfishness and dishonesty of man, I learned to value the unselfish loyalty, the honor, of my dog.

Because of his gauntness, his color, and his persistence at my heels, I named him "Shadow." He was the only shadow I ever knew that did not desert its owner when darkness came on.

A detailed story of Shadow's eventful career would be a record of the tramp, and would fill a large volume. It is only the salient points in his short, faithful life that I can outline here.

It was the very next day after passing Wagon Creek that Shadow saw — so far as I have knowledge — his first jack-rabbit. We were pacing smartly down the abandoned government trail to Fort Garland, a spiteful snow-squall driving in our faces, when a black streak shot past me with a funny yelp.

There was Shadow flying frantically down the smooth road, his straining nose perhaps a foot behind the heels of the "kangaroo of the West," which loped along as if troubled with rheumatism. Finding his neighbor too attentive, the jack suddenly doubled to the left into the sage, with the dog "a good second." Ah, what a sight it was, as the chase swept broadside by me and off down the long slope! I watched with tingling blood and

swelling chest that superb strain of fleet, buoyant, dextrous muscle. The jack seemed to be sailing over the two-foot *chapparo* like a great bird, so continuously was he in the air. I could not really tell when he touched the ground with those elastic hind legs, they bounced him into sight again so instantly.

Ten minutes afterward Shadow came limping back very shamefacedly, as if afraid I might not be aware that no greyhound of four months could run down a full-grown jack-rabbit.

He sat down in front of me and lifted one of his paws with a wistful little whine. No wonder! The pads were pin-cushions now — a-bristle with hundreds of the maddening needles of the *nopal*, or prickly-pear cactus, each as painful as the sting of the bee. It took me two solid hours to pick them all out, and he stood it like a hero.

His reward came that night in the lonely camp of two beaver-trappers on the Trincheras, where he ate fresh antelope meat until he looked as if he had swallowed a young balloon.

We tramped on down the upper valley of the blue Rio Grande, vastly interested in the quaint Mormon and Mexican settlements, and equally prejudiced against the half-score of snapping curs — of every degree of mongreldom, and unanimous only in ugliness and treachery — that swarmed about every house.

One moonlight night that week, in a deep ravine

above Embudo, Shadow — who had dropped well behind — came suddenly bolting up between my legs and upset me. He had good reason to seek help. A hundred feet behind us came a long, dark figure, crawling with that inimitable, deadly grace that only a cat has. It *was* a cat — the hugest cat of the Western Hemisphere, the “mountain-lion,” or cougar of the Rockies. Terrible as it is when wounded, the cougar does not voluntarily attack man, and when I stood with my rifle at a ready — but unable to see the sights — and shouted, the great brute made an incredible leap up the side of the arroyo and disappeared in the brush. All the rest of the walk Shadow clung to my side, and when I spread my blanket sleeping-bag in a Mexican hovel at Embudo, he was still shivering.

Quaint old Santa Fé, where we lingered a week, was the first town Shadow had ever been in, and he was duly awed. The market, however, delighted him. The first time we passed it he seized a suspended rabbit and brought it to me with a proud air that said, “Ah, ha! Here they have jacks that I can catch, anyhow!” And he was greatly puzzled and pained to learn that marketed rabbits were not fair prey.

For a fortnight he followed me faithfully, but with evident misgivings, through the mines of Golden and San Pedro. We were now literally inseparable. If I changed my chair in a room while he slept on the floor, he must get up and

lick my hand before he could continue his nap. He seemed to be haunted by a fear that the only one who had ever shown him kindness would escape from him.

Going out of Golden in two feet of snow, with twenty miles to make before dark, we waded laboriously across the wooded hills — our only guide the trail of a single horse. Presently a strong wind began to dry and drift the snow, and soon had absolutely obliterated our trail.

It was a fearful day we passed there, lost in the mountains, floundering through the heavy snow, tumbling into drift-hidden arroyos, faint with hunger, expecting death, and kept up only by trained muscles and stubborn will.

At last Shadow could go no farther, but fell, howling dismally, under a spreading piñon whose piny branches partially averted the bitter storm. I took him up on my shoulders as one carries a sheep — his long legs on either side my neck — and struggled desperately on. Just as the sun sank behind a hill I saw a human form in silhouette against the fiery disk, and a few minutes later fell fainting across a hospitable threshold in San Antonito.

Among the rough mountains and lava beds of Western New Mexico we found many hardships and many pleasures. Our hosts were miners, cowboys, section-men, Mexicans, and Indians; our food uncertain; our bed generally the ground or

the snow, sometimes the adobe paving of a Pueblo Indian house, or a floor of American boards.

But our eyes were clear, our lungs drank glorious draughts of mountain air, our muscles rejoiced in their free play, and our spirits fairly bubbled over.

Shadow kept me in a daily roar by his wild reaching after the unattainable rabbit. The performance never lost its humor. Once in a while he caught a cotton-tail — the smaller rabbit — and always came proudly to me to share his victory. Once, too, he overtook a prairie-dog before it could reach its hole. But when those chisel-teeth shut on his nose, his appreciation of the joke faded. He was "game," however, and seizing his little butter-ball of a foe again he snapped it a dozen feet in the air by a quick jerk of his head, and as it came down caught it with a vicious crunch that settled the matter.

He came off less happily with a couple of coyotes that kindly allowed him to catch up with them — and how he wished he hadn't! Very effective teeth have these cowardly little wolves of the plains. He was never afraid to try conclusions with any one dog, and took his defeats manfully; but when a score jumped on him, as they frequently did in the Pueblo towns, he would roll over on his back with all four long legs ludicrously aloft, and fairly yell for help — which you may be sure he always got. I fell into some very pretty

scrapes by discouraging strange curs from lunching on poor Shadow.

Just over the line into Arizona, we were following a deer one day, when the breaking of a treacherous ledge dropped me twenty feet down a cliff. Shadow was watching me from below, and I cannot tell how he escaped being crushed; but when I recovered consciousness, to find the large bone of my left forearm projecting through the flesh, the poor dog was licking my face plaintively.

He watched me while I set the fracture by putting my canteen-strap around my wrist and a tree, and pulling the bone into place,—there was no doctor within a hundred miles,—and while I made a rude splint of *chapparo* branches; and then walked soberly beside me through all that awful walk to Winslow. Thereafter he was—or seemed to me—more affectionate than ever; not with the natural effusiveness of his puppyhood, but in a quiet, watchful, unobtrusive way that was fairly human.

We trudged on and on, nearly the whole length of desolate Arizona, faring roughly, but finding it easier to keep on than to give up to the pain. We waded another heavy snow in the noble San Francisco range, explored the Grand Cañon of the Colorado,—God's masterpiece on this planet,—and strode on down the long slope toward The Needles, where the road crosses the Colorado from Arizona to California. We were now in the vast

Colorado Desert, where, even in winter, the noon-day heat is fearful, though the nights are very cold. It is as true a desert as the Sahara — a barren, hideous waste, broken by contorted ranges of savage peaks; thirsty, forbidding, deadly. Hundreds of poor wretches, straying too far from water, have left their bones to bleach upon those blistering sands.

We hugged the railroad, thus making sure of water every night and morning. But how long the days were, with the one little quart I was able to carry with my other load! I shared it with Shadow as if he had been a man, pouring it into my hat, from which he lapped greedily. But he was still an impulsive puppy. He could not forego the chase when an emaciated jack unlimbered before him, and he was nearly always running. I was walking over thirty miles a day, and he must have averaged at least fifty. Many a time we crawled up at night to a water-tank — the water being brought on trains from great distances — with swollen tongues projecting beyond our teeth, dry and rough as files.

We came thus one evening to the "station" of Yucca — a tank and two tiny shanties of shakes. I had found the blanket too much to carry, now that my strongest arm was in a sling, and had shipped it home. Our only bed and cover that night were two ragged gunny-sacks on the floor. The chill night wind leaked through a hundred

yawning cracks. As usual now, I lay upon my side, hugging Shadow to my stomach for mutual warmth. He acted strangely all night, groaning and twisting; but I was too tired to reflect.

Next morning we had travelled a couple of miles down the track, when Shadow suddenly turned and started back on a run, with his tail between his legs. Stupid with astonishment, I followed him back to Yucca. He was lying in the shade of the tank, and growled when I drew near. I took off my knife-belt, looped it around his neck, and began leading him. He came along quietly enough, and in a mile or so I had quite forgotten about him.

But suddenly there was a horrible snarl, such as I never heard before nor since; and there was Shadow's face within six inches of my own. In that awful instant his look was burned upon my memory forever. His eyes were bloodshot, his open jaws dripped foam, his white fangs gleamed merciless in the sunshine as they sought my throat.

My dog was mad!

We were on a long, high fill perhaps thirty feet above the bed of a little wash. Instinctively I gave a jerk on the strap and a thrust with my foot, and he went rolling down the steep bank. The instant he reached the bottom, he was up and springing fiercely toward me again. I threw my hand back for my "navy six," but it had worked around to the middle of my back, under the long,

stiff duck coat, whose pockets were heavy with ores, petrifications, food, water-bottle, and writing-materials.

Before I could even loosen it in its scabbard, he was within a yard of where I stood. I put all my strength and all my skill into one desperate kick. It caught him glancingly under the chin, and rolled him down the bank again; and again I tugged at the heavy revolver. He was too quick for me, and once more I had to throw him off with my foot, and down he went again into the bed of the wash.

As he rallied for the third attack, I wrested the six-shooter loose, and levelled it at those murderous jaws—I saw them in my dreams for months afterwards.

Thus far my movements had been purely instinctive—the sure, safe instinct Mother Nature teaches those who live close enough to her heart. There had been no time to think. But now that the grip of that well-tried weapon in my hand brought its sense of security, a wave of recollection swept through me.

I was going to kill Shadow! To kill the dear, faithful comrade who had shared so much of suffering and danger with me! The thought unnerved me; and the long, black muzzle wavered.

It was not till he was within ten feet that the strong instinct of self-preservation came rushing back, and I pulled the trigger.

The tongue of cloudy flame seemed to lick his

very face. He tumbled backward, and rolled over and over to the foot of the bank. The heavy ball had creased his head, and buried itself in his flank. In a second he was on his feet again, and fled shrieking toward the hills. I knew what the desert was, I knew the tortures of a gunshot wound; and the thought of my poor dog dying by inches the most hideous death the mind can conceive, struck me like a douche of cold water. The trembling nerves froze into steel.

I dropped on one knee, and took a careful aim. I must not miss him — I *would* not! He was now a full hundred and fifty yards away, running rapidly from me on three legs.

I got his course, and calculated his speed. The desert echoes rang again; and poor Shadow, whirling a somersault from his own momentum, lay still forever.

With my heavy knife I scooped a little grave in the sand, under the tattered shade of a yucca palm; piled lava bowlders above that quiet form to cheat the prowling coyote; and then, unashamed, stood wistfully there awhile, with hot tears dropping slowly on the thirsty sand.

And to this day, when I pass the desert, I sit up far into the night, peering out the Pullman window for a passing glimpse of the little wash and the blazed yucca; and there is a strange burning in my eyes and throat at the recollection of my parting with one of the truest friends I ever had — the time I lost my Shadow!

'QUITO'S NUGGET.

A GREAT cloud of dust was drifting above the twisted cedars on the eastern slope of the Tuerto Mountains one sunny August morning, nearly fifty years ago.

A brown-faced woman, standing in the door of her adobe hut in the New Mexican mining camp of Guadalupe, ten miles away, saw it, and murmured happily, "There comes Juan! He will be home to-night, and then he has three whole days more to get to Bernalillo for the shearing. How proud he will be that Juanito can walk!" and she turned to set the house in order, and to make some of the sweet *galletitas* that Juan liked so well.

It was indeed Juan, but he was not kicking up all that dust with his own clumsy, moccasined feet. Oh no! Ten thousand sharp little hoofs on as many slender, woolly legs, were scuffling along behind him down the dry mountain-side, carrying a dense gray jam of fleeces, beneath which they twinkled like spokes in an interminable buggy-wheel.

Juan was one of the *partidarios* of Don José Leandro Perea, the great sheep king of Bernalillo,

who then owned two hundred thousand sheep, and was a far more influential man than the Spanish governor, for this was before New Mexico belonged to the United States.

In order to save trouble, Don José used to give his sheep out "on shares" to poor people, who were called his *partidarios*. They took all the expense and care of the flock during the year, and got half the lambs and half the wool, but had to make up to him any loss in the original number. Juan had been out in the mountains away from home for three months, with two half-grown boys, two big, shaggy dogs, two solemn burros, and the twenty-five hundred sheep, and now that it was almost time for the fall shearing, he was going to stay at home a day on his way to the general rendezvous.

He was a small, withered fellow, whose furrowed face was half hidden by a straggly beard now turning fast to gray. He never would be called "nice-looking," but after all there was a kindly twinkle in his little, dark eyes. His rough clothing was very ragged and dirty, and the heavy flintlock he carried was so battered that there might be some doubt whether it would be more dangerous to stand at the muzzle or the breech of it.

The two ragged boys had muskets also, but theirs were slung in sheepskin *fondas* on their backs, while the old man carried his in his hand. They were driving the flock, with the assistance

of the dogs, but Juan walked well ahead, looking sharply through the scattered trees. He had crossed the fresh trail of four Indian ponies that morning, and felt uneasy. After fifty years in New Mexico, there was little need to tell him anything of the dangers of Indian warfare.

As the flock wound round a spur to a side-wash which sloped into the cañon by which they were to gain the valley, Juan stepped out to the edge of the low cliff and looked down.

"God help us!" he cried. "*Los Comanches!*" and letting himself down a little fissure, he crawled rapidly but carefully from rock to rock, until he stood on the smooth, parched sward in the bottom of the cañon, beside the object which had elicited his exclamation of horror.

Truly the handiwork of the dreaded Comanches was there. Two lean oxen, from one of which a great chunk of flesh had been hacked, lay across the broken pole of a clumsy old *carreta*, whose two wheels had been made by sawing cross-sections from a huge sycamore log.

A little behind, in the rough road, lay the figure of a stalwart man, with six arrows bristling in his back. He had evidently been walking at the head of the oxen when he was shot, for one of the ponderous wheels had passed over him as the frightened brutes had run a few rods before they fell. His broad-brimmed *sombrero* was off, showing that he had been scalped. In the rough cart a woman

lay dead across a pile of sheepskins, her babe pinned to her heart by one murderous arrow. She, too, had been scalped.

Juan, with the help of the boys and their axe, dug a shallow grave, in which he laid the mangled bodies. Then, while the boys built up a little pyramid of stones, Juan smoothed two straight piñon branches, and with a thong of buckskin lashed them together in the shape of a cross, which he planted firmly among the topmost stones, repeating a prayer as he did so.

Among the lonely ranges of New Mexico to this day the traveller may see hundreds of these little stone cairns, each surmounted by its rude cross. It means "Killed by Indians. Pray for me!" and each devout native, as he passes such a spot, will say a *Padre nuestro*, and toss a stone upon the pile.

The boys were pushing their stupid wards forward again, and Juan was about to follow them, when his sharp eye detected a motion among the sheepskins in the cart. He pulled away three or four, and there peeped out at him a little, round, dirty face, naturally nut-brown, but now a sickly gray.

A moment later he was holding a trembling boy of four years in his arms.

"Whence comest thou, *pobrecito*?" asked the old man, tenderly; but the boy could only sob, "*Los Indios!*" He did not know whence he had come, nor whither he was going.

His name was Francisquito; no more. When he saw the Indians killing his *tata*, he had crawled under the sheepskins, and there he had stayed.

"Thou sayest the truth, Ascencion," said Juan to his wife that night. "We have already many mouths to feed, and there will be little grass for the sheep this winter; but I do not think we shall grow rich by turning away this *pobrecito* that has been sent to our care. We will keep him."

So the boy became one of the crowd of youngsters that played around the door, fetched leathern sacks of water from the clear rivulet a few rods away, gathered dead branches from the hillsides to fire the big mud beehive of an oven outside the house, where Ascencion baked bread and roasted *chili*, and made themselves generally helpful.

Mexican boys and girls are useful almost from the time they begin to walk, and they do not seem to find toil a kill-joy. On the contrary, I doubt if any children in the world enjoy life more thoroughly. They know nothing whatever about books, or toys, or cities, but they play with Mother Nature, and love her well. In practical self-reliance, a barefoot *paisano* boy of twelve is ahead of very many grown men in the cities. To sleep alone out among the mountains, to ride wild and vicious horses, and to take care of themselves pretty cleverly under almost any circumstances, — these are things which New Mexican boys do as a matter of course. The out-door life, the hardships and the responsi-

bilities to which they are trained, make them sturdy and self-reliant.

The years crawled along slowly in quiet Guadalupe. Francisquito grew larger and stronger than any of his foster-brothers. Juan and Ascencion had come to love him as their own, and called him by the affectionate abbreviation "'Quito," by which he soon became known to every one.

Ascencion would not have known what to do without him, for he was more help about the house than all her own boys. He was more thoughtful, more affectionate, but more quiet — not dull nor slow, but "older for his age" — than the others. He seemed to have lost his childishness that awful morning in Tuerto Cañon.

When there was no more to be done at home, 'Quito liked best to stroll a mile up the hilly road to the *placers*, where hundreds of Mexican miners were delving away for the precious flakes of gold. On a broad, gentle slope of the mountain's flank were scores of well-like holes which ran down through the gravel to the underlying bed-rock twenty to forty feet below. Over these holes were rude windlasses by which the miners let themselves down to "gopher-out" the rich "pay-dirt" along the bed-rock, and by which they sent the gravel up in leathern buckets, to be "washed out" in broad wooden bowls.

'Quito loved to watch the men rotating these bowls in little clay-lined puddles of water, with

a dextrous motion that gradually swept out the gravel, and left the heavier yellow particles of gold in shining procession along the bottom of the bowl. And when one of those rough-looking fellows would say, "Wouldst thou like a 'prospect,' 'Quito?'" and give him a panful of that fascinating gravel to wash out for himself, he was as happy as a boy could be.

He got in time so that he could tilt the pan as deftly as need be, and save nearly every tiny golden grain. Once in a while he found a little nugget of perhaps half a dollar's value. Whatever showed up in the pan was his, and in a little rawhide bottle he had made, with a clumsy wooden stopper, he carried home his small treasures and gave them always to Ascencion. New Mexican boys knew nothing of pocket-money, and 'Quito would have found little chance to spend it if he had kept what he found.

When 'Quito was ten years old, Juan took him out with the sheep after the September shearing. The next few months he spent guiding the stupid flock to the best grass and water, and bringing them down once a month to the river to eat alkali, getting up at all hours of night to drive off the coyotes or to rally the flock, scattered for miles by some fearful storm.

In all that time he did not see a house, nor take off his clothes at night. His bed was one heavy Navajo blanket, spread on the ground or the snow

close by the camp-fire around which the sheep lay in a white huddle. His food was boiled beans, roasted sheep-ribs, and *tortillas*. But 'Quito did not complain. He was helping Juan, and that kept him content.

But one sad day the old man slipped on the icy rocks and fell. His leg was broken at the hip, and he would be a cripple for life. The boys lifted him upon one of the burros which carried their blankets and food; and 'Quito led it carefully home, while Tircio and Antonio brought in the flock.

From that day all went wrong. Juan was absolutely helpless. Don José would not trust the flock to mere boys, and turned it over to another *partidario*. The winter had been a very hard one. Hundreds of sheep had died, and when it came to the count, Juan had not a dozen to call his own.

Then his oldest son was killed by the Navajos on his way to Cubero to work as a shepherd, and another of the boys had a long fever. Had it not been for 'Quito, who managed to pick up a few cents' worth of gold-dust daily at the *placers*, it would have gone hard with the family. But it was slow work.

"Oh, if I could only find a big nugget," thought 'Quito a hundred times a day, "such as they say Pablo Turrieta washed out when the *placers* were new!"

When the men would let him, he would swing

down the rope into some deep shaft and scrape out the gravel from the hollows in the bed-rock, where nuggets were likeliest to have settled; and one day he found a little lump of gold worth a couple of dollars, which comforted him considerably.

But still he dreamed of great nuggets that should light up Juan's poor little room with their yellow sheen; for 'Quito had caught that strange fever which never fully deserts one who once really learns the fascination of gold-digging, and which has kept in poverty a thousand times as many men as it has made rich. And at last he found his nugget.

"'Quito," said Juan one day, "go thou to my Cousin Ciriaco and borrow his oxen to drag some logs from the cañon, for we have no more wood."

'Quito was soon driving the oxen along the crazy road which led past the *placers* and up into the deep, narrow gorge from which all that vast bed of auriferous gravel had been patiently shovelled out by the rains of countless centuries.

Far up there were some shafts sunk in the solid rock by restless prospectors in search of the great mother vein of gold from which all that golden dust below had originally come; but near its mouth the cañon was wider, and its bed, where the road crossed from side to side, was a shallow layer of gravel on a lap of solid rock.

Snow half a foot deep was melting fast in the

cañon as 'Quito urged along the deliberate oxen. Here the road was bare for a rod or so, and there a belt of snow stretched across it. As the oxen plodded through the wet snow, it balled up under their hoofs in low, clumsy stilts, which caked off reluctantly when they struck the wet gravel again. 'Quito dropped behind to make a snowball, and started to catch up again, whereat the oxen fell into a lazy, lurching trot.

The old pinto stumbled a bit, as the big cake of hard-packed snow broke from one of his hind hoofs. The sugar-loaf lump had pressed deep into the gravelly mud; and with its lower surface covered with sand and pebbles, it lay half turned up on the side of the cup-shaped cavity it had made, into which the sunlight slanted.

A queer, dull glitter caught 'Quito's eye, and he kicked away the snowball.

An instant later he was on his knees in the mud, trembling and crying, and scratching the shallow gravel from a little crevice in the bed-rock. For there, caught in a crack three inches deep, and wedged between smooth pebbles of porphyry, was a rough, irregular, water-worn lump, of that peculiar waxy yellow which distinguishes Guadalupe gold from that of many other *placers* — a lump bigger than 'Quito's dirty, brown fist!

Ah, where would Pablo Turrieta be now? After this they would say in camp, "But 'Quito found the biggest of all." And how Juan's eyes would

shine! Ascencion should go up to Santa Fé and buy a gay Chihuahua head-shawl for Sundays. And what mountains of beans and corn and *chili* and dried meat they would heap up on the floor of the dark storeroom!

He dug the oak handle of his whip into the crevice, and pried out the pebbles which the spring torrents had packed like paving-cobbles, and at last out came the great nugget.

Oh, how heavy it was! He was fairly sobbing now—as I have seen strong men sob over a smaller nugget than that, when it meant relief from suffering.

He held the precious mass up where its brother, the sunlight, could twinkle over it, and gloated on its queer lumps and hollows.

Just then a heavy hand fell on his shoulder, and a croaking voice said, "What hast thou, *hom brote?*"

'Quito looked up into the evil face of the last man in the world he wished to see there. It was Juan "Ronco,"—Hoarse John,—who never worked except enough to buy the fiery *mescal* with which he kept besotted, and who now and then returned to camp, after a week's absence, bringing a strange horse or burro, which he was ready to sell cheap for cash or drinks.

'Quito had thrust his hand like lightning into the bosom of his ragged woollen shirt, and, dodging like a hunted rabbit, he flew down the cañon.

But Juan Ronco had caught a golden glimpse that set his thievish heart afire, and when he coveted anything he would have it, if he could get it.

"*Madre de Dios!*" he exclaimed. "It's worth four hundred dollars if it's worth a *centavo!* It's mine!" And with a great bound he was after the fugitive.

It was a cruel and an uneven race upon which the cañon's walls looked grimly down, that fresh December morning. Ahead, the agile, boyish figure flying madly along, with loose black hair streaming back upon the wind, and eyes that shone like two dying coals with terror and excitement; and leaping close behind, in long, heavy strides, the black-faced ruffian with fist upraised.

But 'Quito soon saw there was no further hope in flight; and doubling swiftly to the right, he ran up a long, narrow bench of gravel that rose against the cliff from the bed of the cañon. Whirling, with the heavy nugget raised in his hand, he screamed, "If you come any nearer, I will give it to you in the eye!"

Ronco stopped. He wanted that two pounds of gold, but not in that way.

"Oh, don't be a stupid! Give it to me, and I won't hurt you; but if you don't, I'll cut you in little pieces!" And, with a fearful Spanish oath, he whipped out a huge knife and twisted it significantly.

The boy turned ghastlier gray than ever, but

still held his strange weapon poised above his shoulder.

"No!" said he huskily. "It is for my *padrino* Juan, and you shall not have it. He is very sick, and there is nothing in the house."

"Give it to me, little dog, or I will feed you to the crows!" growled the thief, advancing step by step, and sawing the air with his *machete*. Step by step the boy backed off, his eye fixed on his burly pursuer, holding the nugget uplifted to strike the ruffian, if he came too near.

"Never! never! It is for Ju—" and before the word was out of his mouth, he had fallen backward out of sight.

Juan Ronco stood peering down the dark opening of a deserted prospect-hole. He could see nothing down there, but he would go home and get a rope. As he turned, he saw Anastacio, the bravest man in Guadalupe, running up.

"Thou common!" cried Anastacio, "I saw! We will make one less dog in camp!"

But the cowardly Ronco fled down the cañon, and was gone in the wooded hills before Anastacio could overtake him. His face was never seen in Guadalupe again.

Half an hour later, three strong men were paying out a rawhide rope over the edge of the prospect-hole, and on the end swung Anastacio. Ten, twenty, thirty feet—and the rope stopped.

"Pull!" came in a hollow voice from below;

and hand over hand they lifted away till one could help Anastacio to scramble out with his limp burden, which he laid gently upon the gravel, while they stood silently around.

The dark little face was bruised, and the slender neck drooped unnaturally to one side. The little heart had stopped, but the grimy, blood-stained fist still clutched a yellow something which made those four men catch their breath — a something which is talked of in New Mexico to this day by “the old-timers.”

It was 'Quito's Nugget.

THE ENCHANTED MESA.

A LEGEND OF NEW MEXICO IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

“HEAR ye, people of Acoma, for I, the Governor, speak. To-morrow, go ye down to the fields to plough; already it is the month of rain, and there is little in the storerooms. Let all go forth, that we build shelters of cedar and stay in the fields. The women, also, to cook for us. Take ye, each one, food for a month. And pray that the Sun-Father, *Pa-yat-yama*, give us much corn this year.”

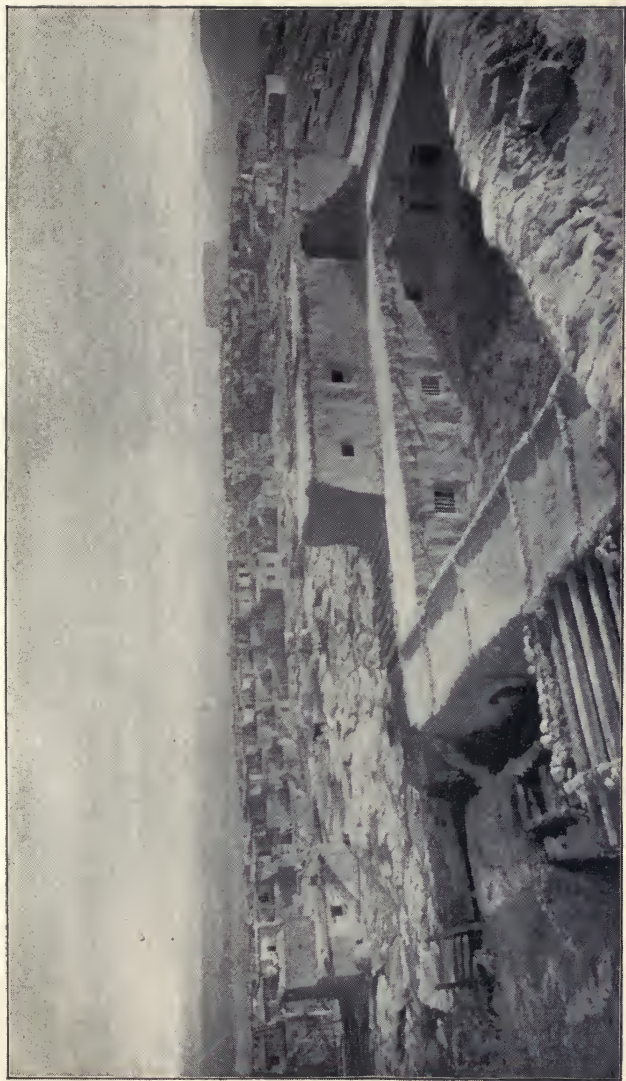
As white-headed Kai-a-tán-ish passed deliberately down in front of the houses, the soft Quéres words rolling sonorously from his deep throat, the people stopped their work to listen to him. The ruddy sun was just resting over the cliffs of the Black Mesa, which walled the pretty valley on the west, and the shadows of the houses were creeping far out along the rocky floor of the town.

Such quaint houses as they were! Built of gray adobe, terraced so that the three successive stories receded like a gigantic flight of steps, they stood in three parallel rows, each a continuous block a thousand feet long, divided by interior walls into wee but comfortable tenements. There

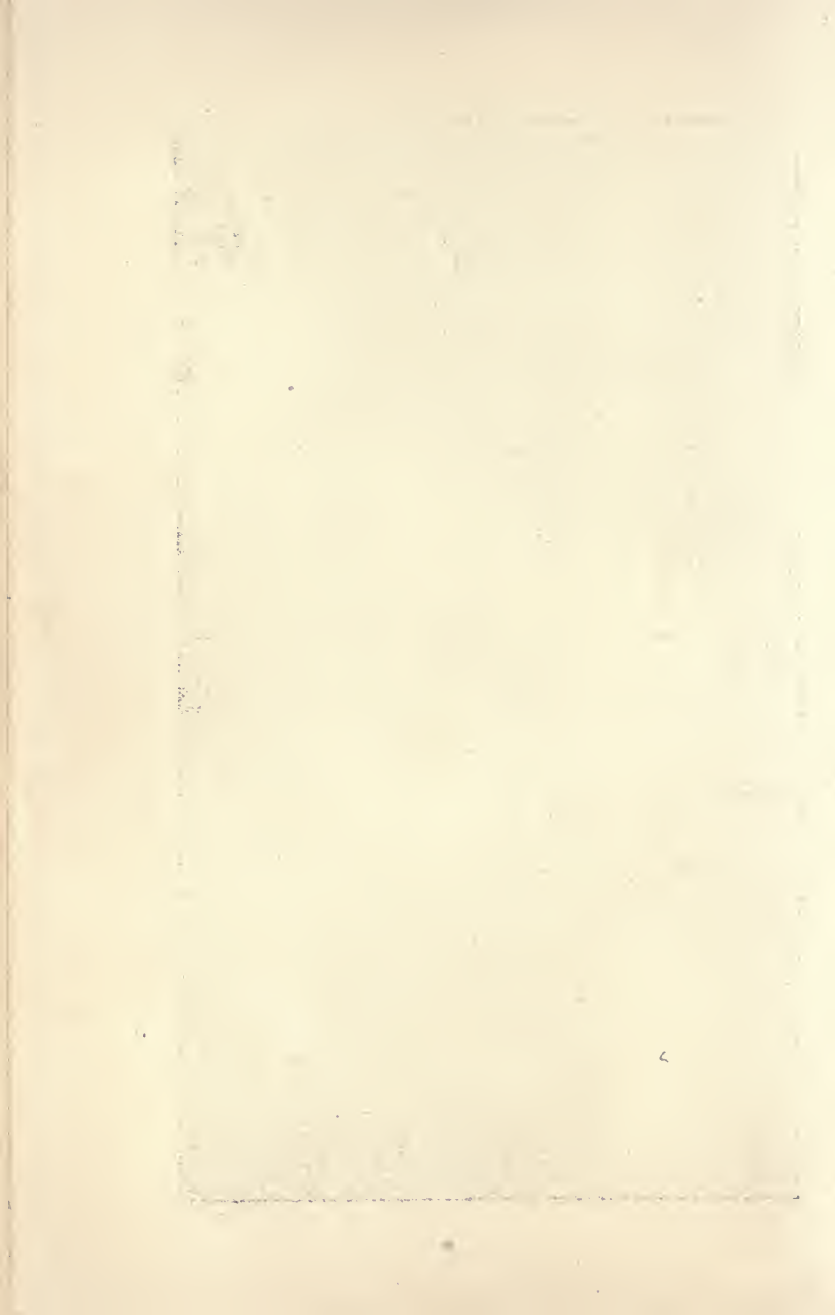
were no doors nor windows in the lower story, but tall ladders reached to the roof, which formed a sort of broad piazza before the second-story door. Women were washing their hair with the soapy root of the palmilla, on the yard-like roofs, or coming home from the great stone reservoir with gayly decorated *tinajas*¹ of rainwater perched confidently upon their heads. Children ran races along the smooth rock which served for a street, or cared for their mothers' babies, slung upon their patient young backs. The men were very busy, tying up bundles in buckskin, putting new handles on their stone axes and hoes, or fitting to damaged arrows new heads shaped from pieces of quartz or volcanic glass.

As the Governor kept his measured way down the street, repeating his proclamation at intervals, a tall, powerfully made Indian stepped from one of the houses, descended the ladder to the ground, and walked out toward the sunset until he could go no farther. He stood on the edge of a dizzy cliff. From its beetling top the old cedars in the plain below looked like dark green moss. For in those days the Quéres city of Acoma stood on the Rock of Katzimo — a great round, stone table, two miles in circumference, and with perpendicular walls a thousand feet high. The level valley, five miles wide, was hemmed in by cliffs, forming a

¹ Large earthen jars.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ACOMA, WITH THE ENCHANTED MESA IN THE DISTANCE.



gigantic box; and in the very centre rose the red Rock of Katzimo.

Shó-ka-ka stood looking out at the fiery sunset with a sad and absorbed expression. He did not hear the patter of bare feet on the rock behind him, nor did he turn till a small hand nestled in his own, and a boy's clear voice said: —

“Ah, Tata! To-morrow we go to the planting! The Governor has said it. And perhaps I may kill rabbits with the new bow thou didst make me. When I am bigger, I will use it to kill the wicked Apaches.”

The man laid his muscular hand upon the boy's head and drew it to his side. “Still for war and the chase!” he said fondly. “But it is better to kill rabbits and deer than men. Think thou of that, A'-chi-te. We Quéres fight only to save our homes, not for the sake of fighting and plunder, as do the Apaches. But thy mother is very sick and cannot go to the fields, and it is not kind to leave her alone. Only that I am a councillor of the city and must give a good example in working, I would stay with her. A hundred children will go to the fields, but thou shalt be a man to keep the town. Two other women lie sick near the *estufa*, and thou shalt care for thy mother and for them.”

The boy's lips quivered for an instant with disappointment; but Pueblo children never even *think* disobedience, and he shut his teeth firmly.

“Poor Nana!” (mother) he said, “poor little

Mamma! Truly she cannot be left alone. And, if the Apaches come, I will roll down such stones on them that they shall think the Hero Brothers have come down from the Sun-Father's house to fight for Acoma!"

"That is my brave. Now run thou home and grind the dried meat and put it in my pouch, that I may be ready to start early. All else is done. If thou dost well while I am gone, I will make thee the best bow and quiver of arrows in all Acoma."

A'-chi-te started homeward, running like a deer. He was fifteen years old, tall for his age, clean-limbed and deep-chested. His heavy black hair was cut straight above his big, black eyes, and behind fell below his shoulders. He had the massive but clear-cut features of his father—a face of remarkable strength and beauty, despite the swarthy skin.

Shó-ka-ka sighed, as the boy ran off. "It is in an ill time that we start for the planting. I saw an owl in the cedars to-day, and it would not fly when I shouted. And when I smoked the holy smoke I could not blow it upward at all. Perhaps the spirits are angry with us. It is good that we make a sacrifice to-night, to put their anger to sleep." And he strode thoughtfully away to the great, round *estufa*, where the councillors were to smoke and deliberate upon the morrow's work.

When the Sun-Father peeped over the eastern mesas in the morning, he looked in the eyes of his

expectant children. Motionless and statuesque
they stood upon the housetops awaiting his com-
ing; and now they bowed reverently as his round,
red house rose above the horizon. A solemn sac-
rifice had been offered the night before, and all the
medicine men deemed the omens favorable, save
old Póo-ya-tye, who shook his head but could not
tell what he feared.

Already a long procession of men, women, and
children, bearing heavy burdens for the packs, was
starting toward the southern brink of the cliff. A
deep, savage cleft, gnawed out by the rains of cen-
turies, afforded a dangerous path for five hundred
feet downward; and then began the great Ladder
Rock. A vast stone column, once part of the
mesa, but cut off by the erosion of unnumbered
ages, had toppled over so that its top leaned against
the cliff, its base being two hundred feet out in a
young mountain of soft, white sand. Up this
almost precipitous rock a series of shallow steps had
been cut. To others, this dizzy ladder would have
seemed insurmountable; but these sure-footed Chil-
dren of the Sun thought nothing of it. It gave
the only possible access to the mesa's top, and a
well-aimed stone would roll a climbing enemy in
gory fragments to the bottom. They could afford
a little trouble for the sake of having the most
impregnable city in the world — these quiet folk
who hated war, but lived among the most desper-
ate savage warriors the world has ever known.

The seeds, the provisions, the stone hand-mills, the stone axes and hoes, the rude ploughs, — each made of a young pine, with one short, strong branch left near the butt for a share, — were packed in convenient bundles upon the backs of the men; and the women had each a child clinging behind her. As Shó-ka-ka strode away, he turned to look up once more at the rock, and at the tiny figure outlined against the sky. It seemed no more than a wee black ant, but he knew it was his son, A'-chi-te, and waved his hand as he yelled back, "*Sha-wa-tsósh!*" from lungs as mighty as those of Montezuma.

In half an hour the long procession had melted into the brown bosom of the valley; and even A'-chi-te's keen eyes could distinguish it no longer. He drew a deep breath, threw back his square young shoulders, and walked away to his mother's house. Alone with three sick women, the only man in Acoma — no wonder the boy's head was carried even straighter than usual. Truly, this was better than going to the planting. All the boys had gone there, but he was trusted to guard alone the proudest city of the Quéres! He ran up the tall ladder and entered the house. At one side of the dark little room lay his mother on a low bed of skins. The boy put his warm cheek against the wasted face, and a thin hand crept up and stroked his heavy hair. "Little one of my heart," she whispered, "are they all gone?"

"All gone, Nana, and I am left to guard thee and the town. Now await me while I make thee a drink of *atole*."¹

A'-chi-te went over to the big lava *metate*,² at the other side of the room, drew from a buckskin bag a handful of blue corn that had been parched in the big beehive of an oven, and laying the hard kernels on the sloping block, began to scrub them to powder with a small slab of lava, flat on one side and rounded on the other to fit the hand. When the corn was reduced to a fine, bluish meal, he brushed it carefully into a little earthen bowl, and with a gourd-cup dipped some water from a *cajete*.³ This he poured slowly upon the meal, stirring with a stick, till the bowl was full of a thin, sweet porridge.

"Drink, Nana," he said, holding the bowl to her lips, and supporting her head on his left arm. "Then I will carry *atole* to Stehú-muts and Kúsh-eit-ye."

When he had fed his three charges and carried a supply of gnarled cedar sticks into each house to feed the queer little mud fire-places, — for at that altitude of over seven thousand feet, it was cold even in summer, — A'-chi-te turned his attention to the duty which naturally seemed to his boyish ambi-

¹ A gruel made by boiling Indian corn meal in water or milk.

² A curved stone in the shape of an inclined plane, used for grinding corn.

³ A flat bowl of clay.

tion the most important, to guard the town. He slung over his shoulder his bow and arrows, in a case made from the skin of *mo-keit-cha*, the mountain lion. Then he went scouring over the pueblo, gathering up all the stones he could find, from the size of his fist to that of his head, and carried them down to the foot of the great cleft where the Ladder Rock began. Here he stowed them in a little recess in the rock; and as they were not so many as he thought desirable, he added to them several score adobe bricks from ruined houses. When this was done he viewed his battery with great satisfaction. "Now let the Apaches come! Truly, they will find it bitter climbing!" And indeed, it was so. So long as his rude ammunition should hold out, the boy alone could hold at bay a thousand foes. No arrow could reach to his lofty perch, nor could the strongest climber withstand even his lightest missile on that dizzy "ladder."

A'-chi-te now brought down some skins and made a little bed beside his pile of stones. There was no danger that the Apaches would come in the daytime, and he could sleep with his weapons by his side, so that they should not surprise him by night. During the day he could devote himself to the sick.

Two days went by uneventfully, and A'-chi-te was disappointed. Why did not the Apaches come, that he might show his father how well he could guard Acoma? The third day dawned cloudy,

and a ragged, sullen drift hid the Peak of Snow away to the north. In the afternoon the rain began to sweep down violently, a savage wind dashing it against the adobes as if to hurl them from their solid foundations. Little rivers ran down the streets and poured from the edges of the cliff in hissing cataracts. A perfect torrent was running down the cleft and spreading out over the great Ladder Rock in a film of foam. Luckily, A'-chi-te's missiles and bed were out of its reach.

"Surely thou wilt not sleep in the Ladder to-night," said his mother, as she listened to the roar of the storm.

"Yes, Nana, it must be. On such a night the Apaches are likeliest to come. I am not salt, that the rain should melt me, and my bed is above the running water. What would Tata say if he came home and found I had let the Apaches in for fear of getting myself wet?"

When he had fed the sick, A'-chi-te took his bow and quiver and started for his post. It was already growing dark, and the storm showed no sign of abatement. It was a fearful climb down to his little crow's nest of a fort. The narrow, slippery path was at an average angle of over fifty degrees, and was now choked with a seething torrent. He had at one time to climb along precarious ledges above the water, and at another to trust himself waist deep in that avalanche of foam — keeping

from being swept down to instant death only by pressing desperately against the rocky walls of the gorge, here not more than three feet apart. But at last, trembling with exhaustion, he drew himself up to his little niche and sank upon his drenched bed, while the white torrent bellowed and raved under his feet, as if maddened at the loss of its expected prey. Deeper and deeper grew the darkness, fiercer and fiercer the storm. Such a rain had never been seen before in all the country of the Hano Oshatch. It came down in great sheets that veered and slanted with the desperate wind, dug up stout cedars by the roots, and pried great rocks from their lofty perches to send them thundering down the valley. To the shivering boy, drenched and alone in his angle of the giant cliff, it was a fearful night; and older heroes than he might have been pardoned for uneasiness. But he never thought of leaving his post; and, hugging the rocky wall to escape as far as he could the pitiless pelting of the cold rain, he watched the long hours through.

“A'-chi-te! A'-chi-te!”

Surely that could not be his mother's voice! The gray dawn was beginning to assert itself on the dense blackness of the sky. The rain and the wind were more savage than ever. She could not be heard from the house, he thought—and yet—

“A'-chi-te! A'-chi-te!”

It *was* her voice; and in surprise and consterna-

tion A'-chi-te started up the cleft. It was still dark in that narrow, lofty walled chasm; the torrent was deeper and wilder than before. It was easier to go up than down in such a place, but it was all his lithe, young limbs and strong muscles could do to bring him to the top. There stood his mother, her soft, black hair blown far out on the fierce wind, her great eyes shining unnaturally in their shrunken settings.

"Sashe mut-yet-sa! The house is fallen! It has broken my arm, and Kùsh-eit-ye is buried to her head under a wall. The White Shadows have come for us! Thou must run to thy father, and bring him home before we die! Run, my brave, soul of my heart!"

The boy looked at her, then down the roaring chasm. It was far worse than when he had descended before. And the Ladder Rock — could he do it? He put his arm across his mother's shoulder and drew her head against his cheek, patting her back gently, — the quaint embrace of his people.

"Get thee into a house, Nana. I go for Tata. Sha-wa-tsósh!" And in another moment he had disappeared between the black jaws of the abyss.

The horror of a lifetime was in that few hundred feet. Blinded by the rain, deafened by the hoarse thunder of the stream, he let himself down foot by foot with desperate strength. Once the flood swept his feet from under him and left him

hanging by the clutch of his hands upon the walls. It took two full minutes to bring his feet back to the rock beneath. But at last he came to where the cleft widened and the frantic stream spouted out and went rolling down the precipitous slope of the Ladder Rock. Here he stood a moment to catch his breath, and then turning, began to back down the slippery rock, his hands dug fiercely into one foot-notch, while his toes groped in the hissing water for the notch below. His teeth were set, his bronze face was a ghastly gray, his eyes were like coals. The wet strands of his hair whipped his face like scourges, his finger-ends were bleeding as he pressed them against the sandstone. But slowly, automatically as a machine, he crept down, down, fighting the fierce water, clinging to the tiny toe-holes. Once he stopped. He was sure that he felt the rock tremble, and then despised himself for the thought. The great Ladder Rock tremble! Why, it was as solid as the mighty mesa!

It was half an hour before he reached the bottom of the rock; and when he looked downward, over his shoulder, he cried out aghast. The cataract had had its way with the great hill of fine sand on which the base of the rock rested; and where the path had been was now a great gully fifty feet deep. To drop was certain death. He thought for a moment. Ah! the *piñon*!¹ And he

¹ A small pine which bears an edible nut.

crawled to the side of the rock, which was here only a gentle slope. Sure enough there was the *piñon* tree still standing, but on the very edge of the chasm. It was fifteen feet out and ten feet below him—an ugly jump. But he drew a long breath and leaped out. Crashing down through the brittle branches, bruised and torn and bleeding, he righted himself at last and dropped to the ground. A moment's breathing spell and he was dashing down the long sand-hill and then away up the valley. The fields were eight miles away. Would his strength last, sorely tried as it had been? He did not know; but he pressed his hand against his bleeding side and ran on.

Suddenly he felt the ground quiver beneath his feet. A strange, rushing sound filled his ears; and, whirling about, he saw the great Ladder Rock rear, throw its head out from the cliff, reel there an instant in mid-air, and then go toppling out into the plain like some wounded Titan. As those thousands of tons of rock smote upon the solid earth with a hideous roar, a great cloud went up, and the valley seemed to rock to and fro. From the face of the cliffs, three miles away, great rocks came leaping and thundering down, and the tall *piñons* swayed and bowed as before a hurricane. A'-chi-te was thrown headlong by the rock, and lay stunned. The Ladder Rock had fallen—the unprecedented flood had undermined its sandy bed!

And the town—his mother—! The boy sprang to his feet and began running again, stiffly, and with an awful pallor on his set face.

When the men of the Acoma came running home, it was in deathly silence. And even when they stood beside that vast fallen pillar of stone, looking up at the accursed cliff, not one could speak a word. There was Acoma, the City in the Sky, the home of their forefathers; but their feet would never press its rocky streets again. Five hundred feet above their heads opened the narrow cleft; and five hundred feet higher, against the sullen gray sky, flitted two wan figures whose frantic shrieks scarce reached the awe-struck crowd below. No ladder could ever be built to scale that dizzy height. The cliff everywhere was perpendicular. And so, forever exiled from the homes that were before their eyes, robbed of their all, heart-wrung by the sight of the doomed women on the cliff, the simple-hearted Children of the Sun circled long about the fatal Rock of Katzimo. Council after council was held, sacrifice after sacrifice was offered; but the merciless cliff still frowned un pitying. It became plain that they must build a new town to be safe from the savage tribes which surrounded them on every side; and on a noble mesa, three miles to the south, they founded a new Acoma, where it stands to-day, five hundred feet above the plain, and safe from a similar catastrophe.

About 370 feet now.

For weeks the two women haunted the brink of their aërial prison, and daily Shó-ka-ka and A'-chi-te went to its foot with sympathizing neighbors to weep, and to scream out words of hopeless encouragement. Then Stchú-muts came no more, and Nái-chat-tye was alone. Back and forth she paced, like some caged beast chafing at the bars, and then, throwing up her wasted arms, sprang out to her death.

Full four hundred years have passed since then, and the land of the Pueblos is filling with a race of white-skinned strangers. Scientific expeditions have exhausted the ingenuity of civilization to scale the Rock of Katzimo, and recover its archæo-
logical treasures, but all in vain. The natives shun it, believing it accursed.

And to-day, as I sit on the battlements of the Acoma that now is, watching the sunset glory creeping higher up that wondrous island of ruddy rock to the north, an old Indian at my side tells the oft-repeated story of the Enchanted Mesa. He is the many-times-great-grandson of A'-chi-te.

A PUEBLO RABBIT-HUNT.

IT is curious how much more we hear of the marvellous customs and strange peoples of other lands than of those still to be found in our own great nation. Almost every schoolboy, for instance, knows of the Australian boomerang-throwers; but very few people in the East are aware that within the limits of the United States, in the portion longest inhabited by Caucasians, we have a race of ten thousand aborigines who are practically boomerang-throwers. It is true that they do not achieve the wonderful parabolas and curves of the Australians; and, for that matter, we are learning that many of the astounding tales told of the Australian winged club are mere fiction. It is true, however, that while the Bushmen cannot so throw the boomerang that it will kill an animal and *then* return to the thrower, they can make it return from a sportive throw in the air; and that they can impart to it, even in a murderous flight, gyrations which seem quite as remarkable as did the curving of a baseball when that "art" was first discovered.

The Pueblo Indians, who are our American boomerang-throwers, attempt no such subtleties.

Their clubs are of boomerang shape, and cannot be excelled in deadly accuracy and force by the Australian weapon; but they are thrown only to kill, and then to lie by the victim till picked up. Even without the "return-ball" feature, the Pueblo club-throwing is the most wonderful exhibition of marksmanship and skill within my experience—and that includes all kinds of hunting for all kinds of game on this continent. Under the circumstances in which these clubs are used, rifles, never so skilfully handled, could not be more effective.

The Pueblos are a peculiar people. Quiet, friendly, intelligent, industrious farmers, they dwell in quaint villages of neat and comfortable adobes, which are a never-failing wonder to the intelligent traveller in New Mexico. Their primitive weapons, of course, gave place long ago to modern firearms. All have good rifles and six-shooters, usually of the best American makes, and are expert in the use of them. But there is one branch of the chase for which the guns are left at home—and that is the rabbit-drive. The outfit of each of the throng of hunters out for a rabbit-hunt consists merely of three elbow-crooked clubs.

When that forgotten hero, Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, beside whose privations and wanderings those of all other explorers seem petty, first set foot in the interior of the country now called the United States, more than three and a half centuries ago, he found the Indians already using their

boomerangs. Returning to Spain after his unparalleled journey of nine years on foot through an unknown world, Vaca wrote in his journal, about 1539:—

“These Indians were armed with clubs which they threw with astonishing precision, and killed with them more hares than they could consume. There were hares in great abundance. When one was seen, the Indians would surround and attack him with their clubs, driving him from one to another till he was killed.”

Two varieties of rabbits are still wonderfully abundant in New Mexico. Many are shot in the winter by the Pueblos, casually, but rabbit-hunting in earnest is confined to the warm months, generally beginning in May.

I had lived a long time in the pueblo of Isleta before the twelve hundred Indians who are “my friends and fellow-citizens” decided upon a rabbit-drive. We had had dances,—strange in significance as in performance,—superb foot-races and horse-races, and other diversions on the holidays of the saints; but no hunting. One day, however, I saw a boy digging a root which he whittled into significant shape; and later in the afternoon wrinkled Lorenzo, my next-door neighbor, left his burro and his ponderous irrigating hoe outside the door, and stepped into my little adobe room with an air of unusual importance. He seated himself slowly, reached for my tobacco

and a corn-husk, and rolled a cigarette with great deliberation; but all the time I could see that he was swelling with important news.

"*Que hay, compadre?*"¹ I asked at last, passing him a match.

"Good news! Perhaps to-morrow we hunt rabbits. There are many on the llano toward the Hill of the Wind. This evening you will know, if you hear the tombé and the crier."

Sure enough, just before the sun went down behind the sacred crater, the muffled "*pom! pom!*" of the big drum floated across the plaza to me; and soon the Isleta Daily Herald, as I might call him, — a tall, deep-chested Pueblo with a thunderous voice, — was circulating the news. He stalked solemnly through the uncertain streets, his great voice rolling out now and then in sonorous syllables which might have been distinguished at half a mile. A convenient newspaper, truly, for a population which does not read! The governor ordered, he said, a great hunt to-morrow. After mass, all those who were to hunt must meet at the top of the mal país mesa,² west of the gardens. And Francisco Duran had been chosen *capitan* of the hunt.

At ten o'clock next morning Juan Rey brought me the very laziest horse in the world. Old Lorenzo was already astride his pinto burro, with

¹ What is it, friend?

² The mesa of the bad land, or lava.

three clubs lashed behind the dumpy saddle, and in his hand the customary short stick wherewith to guide Flojo by whacks on both sides of the neck, for burros are not trained to bridles.

We poked across the level river-bottom, wound through the beautiful gardens and orchards, splashed across the roily irrigating ditches, and at last, after a short, sharp "tug," stood upon the top of the mesa, which with its black lava cliffs hems the valley on the west. We were early, but the arrival of a boy with a spade—to be used in evicting such rabbits as might seek their burrows—enabled us to beguile the hot hour of waiting by digging and eating the aromatic root of the *chimajar*.

Presently the hunters came swarming over the huge yellow sand-hill to the south, and rode toward us in a shifting patch of color, the units of which danced, revolved, and mingled, and fell apart like the gay flakes of a kaleidoscope. There were a hundred and fifty of them, from white-headed men of ninety to supple boys of twelve. Their white, flapping *calzoncillos*,¹ red print shirts, maroon leggings and moccasins, with the various hues of their animals, made a pretty picture against the sombre background. Most of them rode their small but tireless ponies, descended, as are all the "native" horses of the plains, from

¹ Trousers.

the matchless Arab steeds brought from Spain by the *Conquistadores*. A few were perched upon solemn burros, and a dozen ambitious young men were afoot. Only three beside myself carried firearms. Just as the crowd neared us, a big jack-rabbit leaped up from his nap behind a tiny sage-bush, and came loping away toward the cliff. The clubs had not yet been unlashd from the saddles, but handsome Pablo's six-shooter rang out, and the "American kangaroo," whirling half a dozen somersaults from his own inertia, lay motionless.

Five minutes later we were all huddled together on the edge of the cliff, facing to the brown rolling uplands westward. In front was the withered *capitan*, consulting with the other old men. Then a few grandsires dismounted, and squatted upon the ground; the captain called out a brief command in Tegua, and off we went loping in two files, making a huge V, whose sides grew longer and farther apart as the old men at the angle grew smaller and smaller behind us. At every hundred yards or so, the rear man of each file dropped out of the procession and sat waiting, his horse's head facing the interior of the V.

When we had ridden a mile and a half, the foremost men of the opposite file were nearly as far from us. We could barely see them against the side of a long swell. Then a faint, shrill call from the captain floated across to us, and we began to bend our arm of the V inward, the others doing

the same, till at last the ends of the two arms met, and instead of a V we had an irregular O, two miles in its longest diameter, and marked out on the plain by the dot-like sentinels.

Now sharp eyes could detect that the oval was beginning to shrink inward from the other end. The old men were walking toward us; and one after another the sentinels left their posts and began to move forward and inward. Sharp and shrill their "Hi!-i-i!" ran along the contracting circle. Some of the hunters were still mounted, some led their horses by the lariat, and some turned them loose to follow at will. Suddenly there was a babel of shouts away down the line. We who were waiting patiently on our little rise at the head of the "surround," saw a sudden scurrying at a point in the circle a quarter of a mile away. The excitement ran along the line toward us as waves run along a rope when an end is shaken. One after another we saw sentinels dashing forward, with uplifted arms.

"*Alli viene!*"¹ called Lorenzo to me, leaping from Flojo and running forward with two clubs grasped in his left hand, and one brandished aloft in the right. The third man to the left doubled himself like a jack-knife with the effort which sent his club *sh-sh-ing* through the air; but the long-eared fugitive had seen him, and floundered twenty

¹ There he comes!

feet aside in the nick of time. Old Lorenzo's arm had been "feinting" back and forth as he ran; and now, on a sudden, the curved missile sprang out through the air, rose, settled again, and went skimming along within a yard of the ground—a real "daisy-cutter," as a ball-player would have called it. The distance was full fifty yards, and the rabbit was going faster than any dog on earth, save the fleetest greyhound, could run. It would have been an extraordinary shot with a rifle. I was opening my mouth to say, "Too far, *compadre!*"—but before the three words could tumble from my tongue, there was a little thud, a shrill squeal from out a flurry of dust, and seventy-year old Lorenzo was bounding forward like a boy, only to return, a moment later, with a big jack, which he proudly lashed behind his saddle. The club had hit the rabbit in the side, and had torn him nearly in two.

In a few minutes the first round was over, with a net result of only three rabbits, and we were all huddled together again in a little council of war. Then the white-headed chief stepped out in front, and those who had hats removed them, and all listened reverently while his still resonant voice rose in an earnest prayer to the god of the chase to—send us more rabbits! The old men took from secret recesses the quaint little hunting-fetich—a stone image of the mountain lion, most successful of hunters—and did it reverence.

"*Hai-ko!*" shouted the captain at last, and off went the divergent lines again, over the ridge and down the gentle ten-mile slope toward the foot of the Hill of the Wind. At the head of the loping horses of each file ran the boys, tireless and agile as young deer, and they kept their place during the seven hours of the hunt. The old men sat as usual in a row, while the long human line ran out on either side, tying a sentinel knot in itself at every few rods. The ground was now more favorable. The sage and *chaparro* were taller and more abundant, and where the shelter was so good there were sure to be rabbits. There is a peculiar fascination in watching those long arms as they reach out for the "surrounds." When I have a good horse I always seek an elevation whence to take in the whole inspiring scene, and then gallop back to the cordon in time to be "in at the death"; but to-day I had to be content if I could keep Bayo in the procession at all. But even from the level it was a gallant sight,—that long array of far-off centaurs skirting the plain, unmistakably Indian in every motion, the free rise and fall of the bronco lope, distinguishable even when the figures had dwindled to wee specks on the horizon; and before and beside me swart faces and stalwart forms, sweeping on in the whirlwind of our hoof-beats.

The second "surround" was much larger than the first, the sentinels having been placed at greater

intervals. Just as the ends of the three-mile circle came together, a gaunt jack sprang from the earth at our very feet, and dashed through the line before the hunters could even grasp their clubs. Ambrosio, a young Apollo in bronze, wheeled his big gray like a flash, and dashed in pursuit—so quickly, indeed, that I had to throw my gun in the air to avoid giving him a dose of shot intended for the rabbit; whereupon the waggish old ex-governor, Vicente, called out to me: “*Cuidado!*”¹ This is not to hunt *Cristianos*, but rabbits!”

Ambrosio's mount was one of the fleetest in the pueblo, victor in many a hard-fought *gallo* race; and now he went thundering down the plain, devouring distance with mighty leaps, and plainly glorying in the mad race as much as did his rider. Ambrosio sat like a carven statue, save that the club poised in his right hand waved to and fro tentatively, and his long jet hair streamed back upon the wind. Todillo had found a foeman worthy of his hoofs. Grandly as his sinewy legs launched him across the *llano*, away ahead gleamed that strange animate streak of gray-on-white, whose wonderful “pats” seemed never to touch the ground. And when the thunderous pursuer was gaining, and I could see—for *I* was chasing not the *rabbit* but the *sight*—that Ambrosio drew back his arm, there came a marvellous flash to the

¹ Be careful !

left, and there was the jack, flying at right angles to his course of an instant before, and now broadside toward us; I say "flying," for so it seemed. The eye could scarcely be convinced that that astounding apparition sailing along above the dwarfed brush was really a quadruped, forced to gather momentum from mother earth like the rest of us. It appeared rather some great hawk, skimming close to the ground in chase of its scurrying prey. Try as I would, my eyes refused to realize that that motion was not flight but a series of incredible bounds.

There is none of this fascinating illusion about the ordinary run of the jack-rabbit; and yet, following one in the snow, when he had no more pressing pursuer than myself on foot, I have measured a jump of twenty-two feet. What one can do when pressed to his utmost, I have never been able to decide definitely; but it is much more than that.

Had Todillo been unused to the sport, the race would have ended then and there; but he knew rabbits as well as did his master. If he could not match—and no other animal ever did match—the supreme grace and agility with which his provoking little rival had doubled on the course, the tremendous convulsion of strength with which he swerved and followed was hardly less admirable. It seemed as if the effort must have broken him in twain.

Again the tall pursuer was gaining on the pursued. Fifty feet — forty-eight — forty-five — and Ambrosio rose high in his stirrups, his long arm flashed through the air, and a dark streak shot out so swiftly that for an instant the horse seemed to have stopped, so easily it outsped him. And in the same motion, at the same gallop, Ambrosio was swooping low from his saddle, so that from our side we could see only his left arm and leg; and in another instant was in his seat again, swinging the rabbit triumphantly overhead.

We galloped back to the “surround,” which was slowly closing in, and now not a quarter of a mile across. The inclosed brush seemed alive with rabbits. At least a dozen were dashing hither and yon, seeking an avenue of escape. One old fellow in the centre sat up on his haunches, with ears erect, to take in the whole situation. But his coolness cost him dear. “*Cuidado!*” came a yell from across the circle; and we sprang aside just before Bautisto’s rifle flashed, and the too prudent rabbit fell, the ball passing through his head and singing shrilly by us.

Now the rabbits began to grow desperate, and to try to break through the line at all hazards. As soon as one was seen bearing down on the line, the twenty or thirty nearest men made a wild rally toward him. Sometimes he would double away, and sometimes try to dodge between their very legs. Then what a din of yells went up! How

the clubs went whizzing like giant hail! Surely in that frantic jam of madmen something besides the rabbits will be killed! One of those clubs would brain a man as surely as it would crack an egg-shell. But no! The huddle breaks, the yells die out, and the "madmen" are running back to their places, while one happy boy is tying a long gray something behind his saddle. No one is even limping. Not a shin has been cracked — much less a head. In all my long acquaintance with the Pueblos, I have never known of such a thing as one getting hurt even in the most furious mêlée of the rabbit-drive. Strangest of all, there is never any dispute about the game. They always know which one of that rain of clubs did the work — though *how* they know, is beyond my comprehension.

Yonder is another rush. The first club thrown breaks the jack's leg; and realizing his desperate situation, the poor creature dives into the basement door of his tiny brother, the cotton-tail — for the jack never burrows, and never trusts himself in a hole save at the last extremity. Our root-digger rushes forward, sticks his spade in the hole to mark it, and resumes his clubs. When the "surround" is over, he will come back to dig eight or ten feet for his sure victim.

So the afternoon wears on. Each "surround" takes a little over half an hour, and each now nets the hunters from ten to twenty rabbits — mostly

jacks, with now and then a fuzzy cotton-tail. Once in a while a jack succeeds in slipping through the line, and is off like the wind. But after him are from one to twenty hunters; and when they come back, ten minutes or half an hour later, with foaming horses, it is strange, indeed, if the fugitive is not dangling at the back of one of them.

On the slope of the crater we strike a "bunch" of quail,—the beautiful quail of the Southwest, with their slate-colored coats, and dainty, fan-like crests,—and not one escapes. I have seen the unerring club bring one down even from a flock on the wing.

The "surrounds" are now making eastward, and each one brings us nearer home. It has been a good day's work—thirty-five miles of hard riding, and fourteen "surrounds"; and on the cantle of every saddle bumps a big mass of gray fur.

The evening shadows grow deeper in the cañons of the far-off Sandias, chasing the last ruddy glow up and up the scarred cliffs. And in the soft New Mexican twilight our long cavalcade goes ringing down the hard Rio Puerco road toward our quaint, green-rimmed village beside "the fierce river of the North."

PABLO APODACA'S BEAR.

PABLO APODACA was the strongest man in New Mexico in his day. That was thirty years ago; but still, in the quaint little Mexican towns, if you join the lazy groups squatted against the brown adobe walls, smoking their corn-husk cigarettes, and ask the old men who is the strongest wrestler thereabout, they will say:—

“Who knows? Juan can knock down a horse with his fist, and Domingo can carry the heaviest cross of the *Penitentes* all day; but you ought to have known Pablo Apodaca! *He* was the strongest man that ever was. May God give his soul rest!”

If Pablo could have been seen in Boston or New York, the whole police force of the city hardly would have sufficed to keep a mob of astonished boys from following in his wake whenever he went upon the street, for they never saw such a queer sight as he would have presented.

A short, heavy man, whose long, black hair and bushy beard hid his great neck so that his head seemed grown fast to his shoulders; a chest like a barrel, and legs so bowed that his friends used to say that he could not hold his baby in his lap with-

out letting it fall through ; a big Mexican blanket falling nearly to his knees on all sides, and with his head stuck through a hole in the middle of it ; flapping pantaloons of rough cloth, and feet covered with clumsy *teguas* — he certainly was a queer object. And when he thrust out his arms from under the blanket, and rolled up his sleeves — as he was rather fond of doing — the full, blue veins stood out like knotted whipcords over great gnarls and lumps of muscle that Atlas himself might have envied.

Pablo lived in Cebolleta, one of the tiniest towns in New Mexico ; but small as it is, none has a more heroic history. Pablo's father was one of the thirty Mexican men who came from the Rio Grande with their families in the year 1800, and founded their little town, seventy-five miles west of any other settlement, and in the very midst of the murderous Navajos. They built a strong stone wall, ten feet high, all around the few houses, and had but one gate thereto — a clumsy but lasting affair of thick planks hewn from the trunk of an enormous pine. Several times the hamlet was besieged by Indians, but the brave people, behind their stout ramparts, held the savages at bay.

It required brave people to hold such a place. For more than half a century the little town rarely knew a month of peace, and in 1850 the very bravest and best of its soldiers were massacred in their sleep at San Miguel by the Apaches ; but the

survivors remained at their post, and Cebolleta still dreams away on the rugged flank of Mt. San Mateo, the ruins of its old wall crumbling around it.

It was among such scenes of danger that Pablo grew up, along with a little company of other self-reliant young Mexicans. It would have been hard to tell who was bravest, but as to strength there was no question. Pablo could lift more and carry more than any other man in the town, and when it came to wrestling, no one cared to try his skill twice. No matter how expert they were, when once that iron clutch fastened upon them, they were powerless as children; and Pablo was as quick as he was strong. Then he began to travel to the feasts with which the various hamlets celebrated the days of their patron saints, and in the wrestling-matches, which were part of the sport, Pablo made all comers bite the dust. So by the time he was a mature man, his name was a proverb throughout the Province of New Mexico — which had not yet become a territory of the United States.

All this exercise, with the simple food he ate and the rugged outdoor life he led, kept his knotted muscles growing larger and harder. When he was thirty years of age, he used to catch a five-year-old steer by the horns, and hold the great brute so firmly that it seemed as if lashed to some mighty oak.

Strength is a quality that always commands admiration, and, rightly used, ought also to command respect; but Pablo came to have too much strength for his own good. That is hardly a fair way to put it, either, for it was not the strength which was at fault, but rather Pablo's own ignorance how to use it wisely. From never meeting an opponent that he could not conquer, he came to believe that nothing could stand against him; and I have no doubt that he would cheerfully have undertaken a wrestle with a locomotive, if they had had such strange monsters in New Mexico then in place of the clumsy old ox-carts.

In his young manhood Pablo married a pretty Mexican girl, after her father had kept him at work in dangerous expeditions for a whole year to see if he was as industrious as he was strong. They lived together happily. Pablo tended his little flock of sheep, while Juanita carded the wool, wove homely but durable blankets, carpets and clothing, and attended to her other household duties.

In one of his campaigns Pablo had captured a strong Navajo girl, and brought her home as a present for his prospective bride—as the custom of New Mexico then required all young men to do before they could expect to marry. When Pablo was away fighting the Indians—which was a great deal of the time—Juanita and the Navajo girl, who had grown to be very fond of each other, took

all the care of things at home. A great many white men would turn pale at the thought of doing what those two brave young women did — for life on the Southwestern frontier in those days was full alike of hardship and of danger.

As the years went by the little household grew. If you could have stepped into the small *plaza*, or square, on which all the houses of Cebolleta faced, you might have seen Pablo sitting in his doorway mending his *teguas* with an awl and some threads of deer-sinew. The soles were of rawhide, the uppers of sheepskin with the wool inside. Near him Juanita was very sure to be, perhaps twisting her wool for weaving, or scrubbing blue corn into a pulp on the lava *metate*. And around the door played a trio of strong, healthy boys, with whom Pablo — good-natured as such strong men generally are — sometimes took a rough romp.

One time when the Navajos were quiet, Pablo took it into his head to stroll over the mountain to the newer village of San Mateo, and to take his oldest boy with him. Few American boys of twelve years would have enjoyed tramping twenty-two miles over that fearfully rough and steep footpath, but Pablito, besides being delighted with the rare chance to go anywhere with the father of whom he was so proud, was a sturdy boy, and not easily tired. So while Pablo was carefully loading his ponderous *escopeta* — as the Mexican flint-lock musket was called — Pablito poked his head

through the gay red blanket his mother had woven for him, and filled a buckskin pouch with pounded dry meat and a sweet flour made from pop-corn. The meat was all ready to be eaten; and by mixing the *pinole* with water they would have a sort of sweet mush, itself nutritious enough to support life for a long time.

It was a cool, fresh day in May — May days in Cebolleta, over seven thousand feet above the sea-level, are always cool — and Pablo and Pablito were in great spirits as they climbed the steep, winding path up the mesa or tableland. Pablo had never been so strong as he was that day, and he knew it. The deep satisfaction of his lungs, the conscious swelling of his muscles, all told him. He felt as if he would like to pluck one of those gnarled cedars up by the roots and hurl it far down the mountain.

Up, up they climbed. The cedars gave place to noble pines. Though the sun was at its height, the air was growing cooler; and upon the giant peak at their right they could see the vast white drifts which would lie there until the earlier heat of July. The path was fearfully rugged. It wound around enormous boulders, dived into dark ravines, and struggled up precipitous banks.

A needle-pointed dagger of the soaproot went through Pablito's clumsy *tegua* and deep into his foot; but his herculean father took him upon his back as if he had been a feather, and strode on.

They were passing the brink of a great bluff, nearly three hundred feet high and very precipitous, when a turn in the narrow path brought them face to face with a young grizzly bear cub. Pablo dropped Pablito gently from his back, and gave him the ponderous musket, which he could hardly hold up.

"Hold, my boy," said Pablo, "and I will tie that cub so that we may get him when we come back. He is young enough to tame."

Pulling two strong buckskin thongs from his *bolsa*, he rushed upon the cub, threw it, and began to knot its four clumsy paws together. The cub scratched and snapped like a little fiend, but Pablo's gigantic strength enabled him to draw up the knots, which he wet with his mouth, that they might tighten as they dried.

But he had not tied the young grizzly's mouth, and from those little long jaws there issued a steady shriek. It is one of the strangest sounds in nature, the yelling of an enraged bear cub — a grotesque mixture of pig-squeal, hoarse steam whistle, sputter, and bark.

Other ears heard it than Pablo's and Pablito's. Suddenly the boy screamed, "*La osa! La osa!*" There was a great scuffling in the gravel around the point and a wild rush.

Before Pablo could stand straight, the huge old mother-bear had dealt him a cuff on the back of the neck that sent him spinning. He was up again

like a cat, dazed but undismayed, and in a flash the shaggy monster was again upon him, but now face to face.

There was no time to run; and Pablo could not get his musket, so, with the instinct of the practised wrestler, he ducked and caught a grip in the bear's rough fur. He hugged her in a grip that might have killed an ordinary man — himself so close that the bear could not strike him — and kept his head well down out of reach of the creature's great jaws.

I fancy the bear was surprised by this unusual state of affairs, but she kept her thoughts to herself. Throwing her huge, short "arms" around Pablo, she returned his hug with interest. He had grappled the strongest men scores of times, but never had he felt such a pressure as that. It seemed to be crushing his very life out. But Pablo's heart was as strong as his body, and he never thought of giving up. He put forth all his gigantic strength, till the blue veins upon his forehead stood out like strong cords. He swayed his huge foe from side to side as if her eight hundred pounds had been but a man's weight. He tried to trip her, and did once fling her upon her side. But the odds of weight — and they were fearful odds — were against him, and he found his breath failing under his own enormous efforts and that superhuman hug. And still he struggled. In that blind, savage mêlée they tore up the rocky path,

and broke off a young pine ; and on a sudden, overstepping the narrow battle-field, man and bear went rolling down the precipitous bluff, locked in deadly embrace.

Pablito had watched the fight with breathless interest, and with firm faith in the triumph of his father. But now he was horror-stricken ; and forgetting his pierced foot, he dashed down the hill, still hugging the musket with both arms, tumbling headlong, cutting himself on the sharp rocks, but bouncing up again like a rubber ball, and dashing on.

Pablo and the bear had stopped rolling. The three hundred feet of tumble had cut Pablo's head fearfully, and half stunned him. His great strength was almost gone, and he could no longer strain himself to such close quarters as to escape the bear's jaws. He was lying on his back, feebly fighting the animal off with his right arm. The left had been crushed by the bear's jaws, and lay twisted beside him. Above him was the enraged animal, her jaws dripping blood, and her wicked little eyes snapping like firebrands.

"My boy !" Pablo called, in a faint, ghostly voice the boy hardly knew, "Shoot! Shoot!"

"But I am afraid of shooting you ! I don't know how !" shrieked Pablito, sobbing. The light weapons of to-day were unknown then, and Pablito had never fired a gun in his life.

"Don't mind me. Put the muzzle to her side

and fire," came Pablo's answer, so faintly it could just be heard. With a mighty effort of the will he struck the bear a blow on the nose that made her snort with pain — to distract her attention from the boy.

Pablito was trembling and sobbing, but he was of the stuff that men are made of. He pulled back the heavy hammer, lifted the muzzle painfully, held it forward till it touched the shaggy fur, and pulled the trigger.

The bear lurched heavily forward, bit a great mouthful out of the earth, struggled a few minutes, and then lay motionless. The ounce ball had passed through her heart, and also through Pablo's right thigh.

Pablito ran madly down the long mountain side for help; and soon a score of rough men hastened to the spot, and carried Pablo home on a rude litter of boughs. For weeks the herb-wise old women who helped Juanita to care for him were often in doubt whether that faint pulse had not stopped. And then his iron constitution asserted itself. The pulse grew stronger, the yawning cavities in face and chest began to close, and at last Pablo Apodaca was a well man.

But when, for the first time, he hobbled outside his own door, the neighboring children fled in terror at the sight of the scarred, disfigured face that had been so strong and ruddy. His nose was gone; his cheeks and chin and forehead were robbed of their covering.

Pablo never wrestled again, though he lived for several years longer. But his fame still lasts. And if you were to happen into Cebolleta of a summer's evening you might see Pablito — now grown to manhood — telling a black-eyed boy “about your grandfather, and the time I killed my first bear.”

THE BOX S ROUND-UP.

"So yo' want a job on the range, Santiago?"

"*Si, Señor.* My father too sick, and I have to leave home to gain money."

"But what can yo' do? It's mighty hard work yer, 'n' we can't have no loafers. Yo're lame, 'n' I don't see how yo' cud get along."

"*Pero, Señor,* if I am lame of the feet I am not lame of the saddle. Try me, and see if I am not as good there as any."

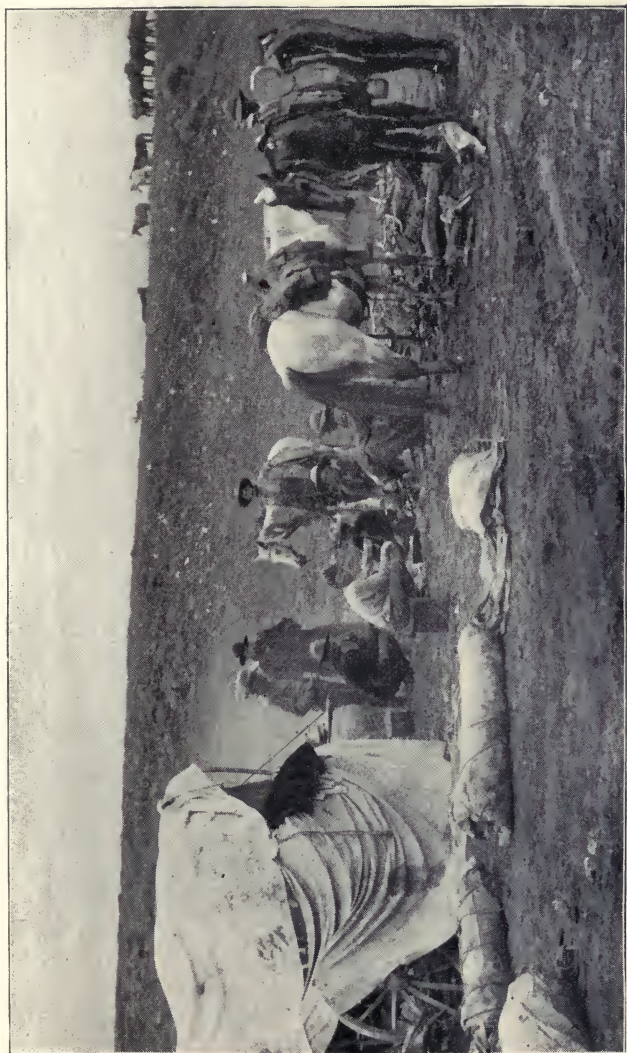
They stepped outside the little stone ranch-house of the Box S ranch on the long eastern slope of the Zuñi Mountains. Santiago's wiry little Navajo pony was standing patiently outside, "hitched" by throwing the reins over his head and letting them hang towards the ground. Juvero was spirited enough, but it was part of his education to require no securer anchorage than this. Santiago could leave him thus in the middle of the plain and be gone half a day, sure that on his return he would find Juvero in the self-same spot.

Now, tossing back the reins, Santiago sprang lightly into the saddle. A word to Juvero, and off they went like the wind. Awkward and sham-

bling enough the ragged boy had seemed afoot, but now he was fairly transfigured. Lithe and confident, he sat his saddle like a Comanche, now erect and moveless as if a very part of the horse, now swinging low to scoop up a handful of sand, or standing at full height as Juvero clattered along the valley. Then turning, he galloped down towards "the old man" — as the manager of a ranch is always familiarly called by his men — and reined Juvero back on his haunches not six feet away.

"There's noth'n' the matter 'th yo'r ridin', Santiago! Hain't seen better sense I struck the Territory. 'F yo' can rope 's good 's yo' ride, I don't want no better boy. There comes Anse 'n' Jim, now, 'th three wild steers fr'm Agua Frio. Get out yo'r lariat 'n' lemme see what yo' can do."

Santiago untied the thong which held his coiled reata at the saddle-bow, ran out the plaited rawhide through the *honda* (noose-loop) and, with the long noose trailing behind, rode out to meet the two big Texans who were driving in the steers. As he approached, one of the wild broadhorns lunged away to the right and galloped down the *vega*. Juvero came around like a top and was off after the steer like an arrow. Now the long loop was circling slowly above Santiago's head. The steer doubled and veered as the pursuit grew hot, and his pace was tremendous, but Juvero matched his every turn with wonderful quickness. Sud-



AT THE CHUCK WAGON.

denly the rope shot out horizontally, the broad noose settled squarely over the spreading horns, and Juvero dropped to a rocklike halt, all four feet braced firmly. The rope had a double turn around the saddle-bow, and the lumbering steer, thus abruptly "snubbed," whirled a full somersault and struck the sand with a great thump. Before he could kick twice Santiago was off his pony with the loosened rope, with which he deftly knotted the four legs of his captive together, and then, shambling back to Juvero, rode to "the old man."

"Good's old wheat! Jes' two minutes fr'm start to tie! Thet's jes' the kind o' boy we want on the Box S. Hev yo'r stuff here to-morrow, 'n' yo' shall hev a steady job."

"*Gracias, Señor!* To-morrow I come," and Santiago galloped away towards the little adobe hut in San Rafael which he called home.

A week later the Box S outfit was starting out on the round-up, which in New Mexico generally begins with July. The big canvas-covered "chuck-wagon" was grumbling over the jagged lava fragments that strewed the road to Agua Frio. On the high seat was perched "Old Jimmy" Crane, the best cook in a hundred miles, whose "frying-pan bread" and other round-up fare was famous throughout the Territory. Fastened in the rear of the wagon was a huge box — Jimmy's pantry — and in the front were a dozen bundles of blankets, each rolled in a canvas wagon-sheet, which

served to keep the sleeper dry above and below. Scattered along the road for several miles before and behind were cowboys loping by twos and threes—some thirty men of them in all. At Agua Frio, the first camp, they would be joined by nearly as many more — “boys” who had come, some of them two hundred miles, to gather at the round-up, and drive home such of their cattle as had strayed so far as the Box S range. A rough-looking set they were; mostly tall, brawny Texans, long-haired, unshaven, with flapping sombreros on their heads, clumsy leathern *chapparejos* over their blue overalls, boots with high, pointed heels, and each with a big six-shooter leering from the scabbard on his cartridge-belt. And yet, with all their rough appearance and rough speech—a queer dialect of Southwestern slang delivered with the Southern utterance learned from negro “mam-mies”—they had many manly traits. Santiago found himself treated with unsentimental but practical kindness. He was the only Mexican in the “outfit,” and while Texans are not overfond of Mexicans, his youth, his lameness, and his really wonderful skill with horse and reata won him all the consideration he could have desired.

It was a little before sundown when they camped at Agua Frio. Santiago thought he had never seen so beautiful a place. Away up near the top of the Zuñi Mountains lay this tiny green valley, whose grass was already knee-deep. At the upper

end rose a low, black wall of indescribable ruggedness. From the strange bowl-peak to the north a stream of liquid rock had poured roaring down the valley unnumbered centuries before, until, spent and cooling, the fiery river had stopped short here, its last wave frozen to jet rock before it could curl and break upon the smooth slope below. Where huge air-bubbles had formed in the lava were now dark, ragged caves; and from one in the very centre of the wall poured a strong, clear rivulet, cold as ice, which fed the valley, and gave it its name of Agua Frio ("cold water").

The "chuck-wagon" drew up beside the spring, and its four powerful mules—now hobbled by their forelegs with Navajo *manillas* of twisted rawhide—were turned loose to graze. The door of the big box in the back of the wagon was let down, forming a table, and Jimmy's pots and pans were huddled thereon in preparation for supper.

"Hullo, greaser!" called a coarse voice from the knot of men up in the edge of the pines, where they were stretching reatas from trunk to trunk to form a corral for the horses.

Santiago started. He had never before been called by that opprobrious name, which is used only by rough and mannerless Americans in speaking of Mexicans. A stalwart Texas six-footer of hard face stepped out from the knot of cowboys and swaggered down towards the spring. He

was one of the newcomers from a distant Arizona ranch.

"Wot yo' duin' yer?" he demanded gruffly. "Down on our range we don't 'low no greasers 'round. Yo' best skip fr'm yer. I cain't bear no greaser, nohow."

"I am not one greaser," said Santiago quietly but proudly. He knew that, poor as he was, the blood that ran in his veins was that of one of the bravest of the Spanish heroes who had conquered the New World more than three centuries before. Though that blood boiled now at the insolence of the Texan, Santiago had learned unusual self-control for his years, and continued quietly:—

"I am work for Señor Hall. I am right to be here. Perhaps I am as good *vaquero* as you."

"Don't yo' give me none o' yo'r back talk," shouted the bully with an oath; "'r I'll shoot yo' so full o' holes yo' cain't throw a shadow." And he reached his hand back to his heavy revolver. But just then the coffee-pot fell clattering upon the ground, and old Jimmy had caught his Winchester from its hooks alongside his pantry.

"Yo' Bill Buxton! 'F yo' monkey 'th thet boy, I'll give the sun a chance to tan yo'r fool brains. Cain't yo' never mind yo'r own self 'thout pitchin' onto somebody smaller'n yo' be? The boy's a good boy, 'n' he shain't be buffalered while I'm 'round. Yo' know me goin' on fifteen year, 'n' yo' know 't I know yo're a coward 'n' a bully. Yo' hear me?"

Buxton turned without a word, and walked back to his companions, but his hard face wore a look of awful malignity. All the evil in his perverted nature was boiling over at what he deemed an insult and a thwarting of his authority.

Before sunrise the next morning the little gray mounds scattered here and there among the pines began to heave. From each crawled out a tousled cowboy, who speedily made his mound into a fat, gray roll and tossed it into the front of the wagon. While Jimmy's kettles were singing over the hot little fire the boys were saddling their horses with the fifty-pound "cow-saddles" necessary for such heavy work as theirs—in which the responsibility of not only the dead weight, but the momentum, too, of a ponderous steer might at any moment be thrown on the horn, or the tremendous slow strain of hauling a "bogged" animal from a shoulder-deep quicksand be trusted to the same little knob of wood and iron. Some, holding a reluctant hoof between their knees, were replacing a lost shoe, and others were whipping out their reatas to evict stray kinks.

The frying-pan bread—a crisp, delicious baking in a covered iron pot set beside the fire—was done. So were the fried bacon, the boiled beef and potatoes, and the violently black coffee. The boys squatted on the ground round about, each having fished from the dish box a tin plate, cup, and spoon, and an iron knife and fork, and then

filled his dishes from the various pots. Little time was wasted. Rough but good-natured jokes and chaff flew around the circle, and no one seemed particularly in a hurry; but it was marvellous how much food disappeared in so little time. In ten minutes the last plate had gone into Jimmy's dishpan, and the last cowboy was hobbling away to his pony, with that ridiculous gait caused by the high-heeled boots. A couple of minutes for cinching up the broad horse-hair girths, a free swing into the saddle, and away they clattered up the rocky slopes. John, the black-browed range foreman, had given them their specific orders the night before, and as they left camp they scattered in all directions to scour the woods and bring all the cattle to a common point on the shore of "Big Pond," where the "chuck-wagon" would be awaiting them at night-fall, and where branding would begin next day.

That morning Old Jimmy banged his dishes about with unnecessary and unusual roughness, and was grumbling to himself in a low tone which even the mules, that had known him so long, could not fully catch. Something was evidently rubbing him "agin' the grain," as he would have put it. When the last tin, shiny as scrubbing could make it, reflected his grizzled face from the shelf, Jimmy slammed up the hanging door and locked it with an air that was almost vicious, and sat down upon a rock.

"No, I cain't say's I like the looks on't at all!"

he broke out with such vigor that old Pete, the off leader, pricked up his ears and came hopping down the slope as fast as his hobbles would allow. "I heerd John tell Santiaygo to take in the lava beds yan side o' the south crater; 'n' ef ever anything was plain 'twus thet Bill Buxton 'lowed to foller him. Tain't fur no good, nuther — after las' night. Santiaygo's a good boy, 'n' he *hain't got no gun!* Thet's wot! I'll jes' light out thetaway myself, 'n' see 't there ain't no crooked work."

Jimmy unslung his Winchester, jumped to Pete's back with surprising agility, and went off on a lope. Five miles west on the stony trail he turned to the left, and crossed a high ridge — the Continental Divide, from whose eastern slope the rivulets find their way to the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean, while those from the western slope roll through burning deserts to rest at last in the Gulf of California and the blue Pacific. In a few moments he reached the foot of a huge, black cone of frightful steepness, rising five hundred feet above the lofty valley, itself eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. The cone looked impossible of ascent, but Pete, long used to the asperities of territorial travel, zigzagged patiently up, and in a few minutes stood panting at the top. They were on the rim of a stupendous bowl, whose bottom lay black and barren nearly a thousand feet below — the crater of a long-extinct volcano. The bowl was perfect save at the southern side, where a great

V-shaped gap split it from the top half way to the bottom. For twenty miles along the dark plain could be traced the black, frozen flood which had once burst its mighty dam and gone seething down the valley.

Jimmy rode slowly around the narrow rim, — in places not more than a yard wide, — looking carefully down upon the surrounding country; but not until he reached the very brink of the great gap, and looked down six hundred feet to the black channel which the lava had gouged in the living rock, did he see the object of his search. The lava bed was there three or four hundred feet wide, its sullen crust upheaved in strange swells and fantastic crags and needles, and split by unfathomed crevices. In the middle was the great rock-hewn gutter of the outflow, fifty feet deep and one hundred wide. From his high perch the old cook could see a figure sprawled behind a boulder in the bed of this channel. The waiting attitude was one which an eye so practised as Jimmy's had no difficulty in interpreting, and that glint of the hot sun on something in the right hand was even more intelligible.

"The coward!" muttered Jimmy, slipping lightly off Pete's back, and creeping cautiously down the slope, rifle in hand. "He's layin' fur Santiaygo — knows he'll come up here to see ef ther's cattle in the cañon. Dassen't even tackle thet boy to his face! But I'll spile *his* dough!"

Just then the old man stopped short and caught his breath. A ragged, brown, shambling figure stepped from behind a ridge of lava, and stood looking up and down the cleft. It was Santiago. Not a hundred feet away was the rock behind which Bill Buxton was lying. Jimmy opened his mouth to yell a warning, but saw the boy start suddenly, look intently up the gully, and begin running out the reata which he was carrying coiled in his hand. In the same instant Buxton sprang up from behind the rock, and levelled his revolver, not at the boy, but at a point fifty feet away. Jimmy could see the boy's jump at the sight of his enemy there, and heard him yell "*Cuidado!*" But before he could recover from his astonishment at this strange state of things, Buxton's six-shooter rang out spitefully among the echoing rocks, just as a huge, tawny length sailed birdlike out into the air towards him.

"A mount'n lion after Buxton, 'n' thet shot missed!" was the thought that flashed through the old man's brain, even while his eyes were following a sinuous gray thread that leaped out, overtook that yellow bolt, writhed around it, grew taut for an inconceivable instant, and then loosening, disappeared in the chasm, with a darker form at its other end.

Five minutes later old Jimmy, with face grayer than his hair, stood in the bottom of the gorge. He looked at the two mangled forms at his feet, and then at the cowering bully beside him.

"Wot yo' doin' yer, yo' Bill Buxton?" he asked in a quiet, dangerous tone.

"Nuthin'," answered the Texan sullenly. "I wus plum played out with the sun, 'n' I laid down behind the rock to rest. 'N' then I seen that lion startin' to jump onto me fr'm a shelf in the *mal pais*,¹ 'n' I fired, but missed him."

"Don't yo' tell me none o' yo'r lies, Bill Buxton! I know wot yo' was await'n' fur! Now git to camp, 'n' walk straight, 'n' ef yo' make one break, the Lord hev mercy on yo'r miz'able soul!"

The old man's Winchester was levelled, and there was a yellow light in his little gray eyes. Buxton sullenly gave up his six-shooter, and turned towards the camp.

"Yer!" cried Jimmy. "Yo' 'low we'll leave this yer po'r kid to be ate by the *kiotes*² like a dead sheep? Not any, we don't! Come, git him on yo'r shoulder 'n' pack him in to be buried decent."

The bully was about to demur at this most distasteful task, but a look at those merciless eyes and at the dark-blue barrel were enough, and he stooped, grasped the inanimate form, and swung it upon his shoulder like a sack of flour.

"Gently, yo' cur! Don't yo' go to treat thet po'r thing like 'twas dead mutton!" And Jimmy tenderly lifted the limp burden around into the

¹ lava: literally, "bad land."

² coyotes: the small wolves of the plains.

Texan's arms. "Eh? Didn't it pull a breath then? Lord o' love! They *is* a pulse! They *is*! I shore culdn't find none before, but now it's shore there! Now *git*, Bill Buxton! Fo' camp 's fast 's the Lord'll let yo', 'n' tote thet little rat like yo' loved him. Move!"

When the "boys" came loping down to Big Pond at sunset, behind a thousand foaming cattle, the white-topped wagon was drawn up beside the muddy pool and old Jimmy was quietly getting supper. As the foreman approached Jimmy straightened up from the fire and stepped over to him.

"John," said he, "ther's a ser'ous matter here. I did 'low to settle it myself, but thet wouldn't be squar' 'th the outfit. Yo' all 've got's much to say 's I hev. Yo' seen thet muss 'twixt Bill Buxton 'n' Santiaygo las' night, 'n' yo' know wot Buxton is. I 'lowed this mornin' there was some-thin' up, 'n' I follered. Ketched Buxton hid up in the *mal país* cañon waitin' to bushwack the boy. Jest 's Santiaygo come up he seen a mount'n lion scroochin' to pounce onto somebody, 'n' then he seen 't the somebody was Buxton. He yelled to look out, 'n' Buxton jumped up 'n' fired at the lion, but missed. 'N' jest 's the lion went sailin' fur Buxton the boy roped him, clean in the air! Fine work? I never seen nothin' like it in twenty-eight year o' cow work! But the kid didn't hev no time to take a turn round a rock, n'r nothin', 'n'

the weight o' the lion pulled him down. When I got down to 'em both 'peared dead 's nails — lion's head broke all to smash 'n' the kid all cut up 'th the rocks. 'Peared like he'd gone 'n' give his life to save thet scrub ez hed abused him 'n' wus layin' fur to murder him. But when I had Buxton take him up to pack him to camp, I 'lowed I heerd a gasp, 'n' shore enough when I looked ag'in they was a pulse no bigger'n a minute. Comin' in we struck two o' Salazar's boys 'th the sheep herd, 'n' sooner'n bring the po'r thing out yer wher' they ain't no shade, I put José to tend him in thet hut in the pines till the old man gits yer to-morrow 'th his buckboard, 'n' then he c'n take him home easy on a bed. He perked up some, 'n' I 'low he'll git well. Now what *I* want to know is wot'll we do with Bill Buxton?"

"Wher is he?" asked the foreman with an ominous look.

Jimmy stepped to the wagon and lifted the canvas in front. There lay Buxton, bound hand and foot, pale and shivering.

"Yer, boys! Come 'n' pull this thing out!" called John, and a dozen surprised men lifted the burly bundle from the wagon.

The whole story was now told by Jimmy to the crowd. Buxton doggedly denied, but guilt was evident in his every look. A long, low-voiced consultation was held among the men, and then John came over to the prisoner.



PUTTING ON THE BOX S BRAND.

“Bill Buxton,” said he sternly, “the boys did ’low to rope yo’ up to a tree, but we don’t want no onpleasantness ’th the Triangle A people, ’n’ we’ve agreed to give yo’ one hour to *git*. Ef ever yo’ shows up on the Box S range again yo’ll never know wot hit yo’. There (unlashing the reata which bound him) — *git!*”

The cowed desperado rose, straightened his cramped limbs, turned and disappeared in the cedars without a word. What became of him I do not know, but he never was again seen in New Mexico. As for Santiago, though he is lamer than ever, and his left arm has an ugly knot which will never allow it to grow strong again, the Box S would as soon think of getting along without old Jimmy as without him.

THE COMANCHE'S REVENGE.

IF the true story of New Mexico could be written in detail, from the time when the brave Spanish *conquistadores* planted there the first European civilization in all the vast area now embraced by the United States, it would stand unparalleled in all the history of the world. No other commonwealth on the globe has met and conquered such incredible hardships, dangers, and sufferings for so long a time.

The story of New Mexico is a story written in the blood of three hundred and fifty years. Unfortunately, we shall never be able to compile its history fully; all we have are the salient points, and they have been saved only by research the most laborious.

There were no newspapers nor books to record and perpetuate the sufferings and the heroism of the Spanish pioneers in the New World. The early Spanish explorers wrote "*cuentas*," or accounts of what they saw and found in the strange new land, and much that was of great historic value was preserved in the church records kept by the priests.

But in the red Pueblo uprising of 1680 most of these precious documents were destroyed, and the others were so scattered over the world that they have not even yet been re-collected. So the written history of the oldest—and in many respects the most interesting—part of our country is, and must remain, largely fragmentary. For not only the traditions of the stirring events that took place long ago in these regions, but also the old men who remember the traditions, are fast dying out together, and with them will be lost the material for writing many a paper of exciting and important history.

Some of the most romantic stories of New Mexico in the last century cluster about the little hamlet of Tomé, on the east bank of the Rio Grande, some twenty-five miles below Albuquerque. A quiet, sleepy spot it is, among the tall cotton-woods that fringe “the Great River of the North.” Never large, it is now but the skeleton of its former self, for the treacherous river ten years ago swept away most of the town, leaving only the big old church and half a dozen dwellings. The visitor to-day finds in its rural doze little suggestion of the stirring scenes through which it has passed.

Tomé—the name is a contraction of Abbé Santo Tomas—was founded in 1769 by Don Ignacio Baca, who came out from Spain at the head of fifty families, and settled upon the grant of land

ceded by the Spanish crown. The colonists built their little adobe houses upon the rich bottom-lands of the Rio Grande, which they irrigated, as is necessary in this arid climate, by ditches from the river.

They were in the midst of hostile Indian tribes, and lived a life of constant harassment. They were well fortified, however, and numerous enough to hold their own; their quaint old Spanish *escopetas* (flint-lock muskets) putting them on an equality with a far larger force of bow-armed Indians.

The Comanches were just then inclined to peace, and Don Ignacio, who was shrewd as well as courageous, soon established friendly relations with them. They began to come regularly to Tomé to trade, and were always hospitably received.

Between them and the Navajos an immemorial and implacable hostility existed, and the wiser citizens of Tomé began to wish that some alliance might be made with the Comanches which should forever protect Tomé from the common foe.

About this time an event occurred which gave reason to hope that the wish might be realized suddenly. The Comanche chief was a tall, superbly built Indian, in the prime of life, and of mental power commensurate with his vast physical strength. He formed a strong friendship for Don Ignacio, and at last brought his son, a fine-looking boy of ten, to visit his new Spanish friends. Señor

Baca had a very pretty little daughter, Maria, then about seven years old, and the two children took a great fancy to each other.

"*Amigo*," said the Comanche chief to Señor Baca one day, "see the children, how they play together. Is it not well that when they grow old enough we marry them, and make an eternal alliance between my people and the people of Tomé?"

"It is well," said Señor Baca. "We will do so." And he made a solemn compact.

The Indians thereupon made a great feast, and presently departed for their country, away to the east of Tomé, in high spirits. Every year the Comanche chief used to come with a number of his people to Tomé, bringing to little Maria lavish presents of horses, buffalo robes, buffalo meat, and the like.

At last, when the boy was nineteen years old, the whole tribe, decked out in their gayest blankets and buckskins and feathers, accompanied him to Tomé to celebrate the marriage. He had by this time grown to be a tall, athletic young brave, who showed much of his father's physical and mental strength.

But Don Ignacio had changed his mind. The colony was prospering finely, and the surrounding Indians had given much less trouble of late. He was less concerned for a politic alliance than in the earlier, doubtful days, and thought it probable that he might be able to retain the friendship of

the Comanches without giving up his daughter, to whom he was growing more and more attached.

The tradition of the day says that she was a very beautiful girl. As to the sacred promise he had made, he thought—like many people of our more enlightened days—that a promise made to an Indian “didn’t count.” So he arranged the matter with the people of the town, and hid Maria in a secure place.

When the Comanches arrived he put on a sorrowful face and said, “Alas! My poor daughter! She died of small-pox this winter, and I am left alone.”

The Comanches received this news with great sorrow, and turned homeward, lamenting bitterly. A year passed without trouble. Then a party of traders from the pueblo of Isleta, twelve miles up the river from Tomé, went over to the Comanche country with a pack train of burros. During their stay there, the death of Maria was spoken of by the Comanches.

“But that is not true,” said the Isletans. “The girl is alive and well, for we saw her but a few days before we started.”

The Comanche chief questioned them closely, and, upon finding that they told the truth, was so much enraged at the trick that had been put upon him, that he at once began to lay his plans for vengeance.

The 8th of September had come, the feast day

of Santo Tomas, the patron saint of Tomé, and the busy little Spanish town was entering upon a grand celebration. In the afternoon there were to be horse-races and foot-races, "running the chicken," and shooting-matches; and in the evening a grand ball.

Now, in the forenoon of this day, the good old parish priest was saying mass in the big adobe church, and every one was there in their holiday finery.

On a sudden a terrible yell was heard outside, and in another moment the Comanches, hideous in their war-paint, were pouring into the church. It was a complete surprise. The Tomeños, after long security, had laid aside their early vigilance, and were all unarmed. Powerless to resist, they were slaughtered like sheep, and not a man of Tomé was spared to tell the ghastly tale. Even the priest perished with the rest. Most of the women and children were spared, and many were carried off into captivity—among them Maria, the innocent cause of all this bloodshed.

The Franciscan priest of Albuquerque came down to bury the dead, and console the survivors. He wrote a very brief account of the affair in his church records, naïvely adding, "How fortunate that all had been to confession and communion the day before."

Maria was carried to the Comanche country, with great care, and there was married to the young

warrior who had waited for her so long. Tradition says that she soon became well content with her new home, where she was treated with unusual consideration. At all events, she passed the remainder of a long life there, and her descendants are still to be found among the Comanches in the Indian nation, still bearing her old family name of Baca.

Only fifteen years ago one of her ever-so-great-grandsons, a stalwart and handsome brave named Puercus, who was then the head chief of the Comanches, came down to Puerto de Luna to visit Colonel Manuel Chaves, the most extraordinary Indian-fighter and rifle-shot New Mexico has ever produced. His prowess in war and his spotless integrity in peace made him feared, while he was also esteemed by all the Indians in the Territory, and some of them felt the warmest friendship for him.

The Navajos were just then being removed from Fort Sumner to their present reservation, two hundred miles to the west, and when Puercus and his two wives left Puerto de Luna they were surrounded by the traditional foes of their race. They made a gallant resistance, the women fighting like warriors, and held out for half a day before they were killed by the swarming Navajos, over thirty of whom had bitten the dust during that unequal struggle.

As for Tomé, which never fully recovered from that fearful blow, the Indians know it to this day as "The Town of the Broken Promise."

IN THE PUEBLO ALTO.

“*Presto ! Pres-s-s-to-o !*”

A small and very ragged boy was running frantically down one of the long, smooth slopes of Western New Mexico, waving his tattered jacket wildly above his head, and yelling the words at the top of his lungs. A hundred yards ahead was a dense huddle of dirty gray fleeces, upborne by a maze of slender, scurrying legs. Two big, shaggy dogs were running and barking vigorously on either flank of the flock, keeping it compact and on the gallop.

Truly, Pedro was in serious trouble. What would the *patron* say, when he learned that his flock had strayed into the Bewitched Cañon and eaten of the dreaded *yerba mala*, the evil weed, while Pedro slept? And who knew how many of them would yet die? *Ay de mi!* It was a sad day!

Pedro and his shrivelled old father, Esquipulo, hardly bigger than the boy, had been given charge of one of Don Ramon's improved flocks of twenty-five hundred sheep only the month before. Esquipulo had now gone back to the village with

one of the two burros for supplies, leaving Pedro in sole charge of the flock. The boy was only fifteen, a manly, hard-working, self-reliant little fellow. He had been up all night, collecting the flock, which had been scattered by a prowling bear, and his young eyes were heavy. Surely it could do no harm if he lay down under this *piñon* tree and snatched a wink of sleep. But the "wink" was longer than he had intended, and when he woke the flock was gone.

Hurrying along their broad trail, he had found the sheep in the Bewitched Cañon—a spot shunned by all shepherds on account of the poisonous weeds which grew there. Thus ungrazed, it was full of rank grasses, tempting enough to the unsuspecting sheep, which were eating greedily. As the frightened boy drew near, he saw some of them leaping high in the air and falling back to rise no more.

Stripping off his jacket, and yelling a command to the dogs, Pedro had started his flock on a mad run down the cañon and out across the valley into which it opened. The only salvation, for any that had eaten of the weed, was to keep them running till worn out; and tired as he was, fear and excitement now lent Pedro new strength. For miles he kept the scared flock running, himself toiling on behind with wild gestures and hoarse "*prestos*;" but at last he fell exhausted. The sheep stopped at once, and began grazing on the young sward, or lay down for their noon rest. The dogs came

soberly back with lolling tongues, and lay down beside Pedro.

Only a few sheep had fallen by the way, and now the rest were safe. But to make up the dead fifty to Don Ramon — ah, it would be very hard! And he was such a harsh *patron*! Pedro could see him even now, white with rage, his enormous body shaking, his huge fist sawing the air, and his strong lungs rolling out anathemas against the stupid shepherds.

But it could not be helped now. All that Pedro could do was to redouble his vigilance for the future. No more sleep till his father's return! He would be back in three days now; but that would be too late to skin the dead sheep, and there was another loss.

The day wore slowly on. The sheep did not wander now, and Pedro sat under a cedar tree throwing pebbles at the prairie-dogs to keep himself awake. A couple of coyotes came sneaking over the hill so cunningly that they were fairly in the flock before Pedro knew it. He unslung the short Spencer carbine from his back, took a careful aim, and tumbled a coyote dead at three hundred yards — for Pedro was a very fair shot, like most lads of his age in that wild country. The other coyote ran, with Borracho and Mundo in hot pursuit; but as he dashed through the flock he snapped in mere wantonness at woolly throats here and there, and left four fat wethers dead.

The two big dogs presently returned, looking vexed. They could have torn the animal to pieces in a moment, but were no match for him in running, and even now Pedro could see him looking back from the top of a mesa miles away.

“*Ay!* First it is the bad weed and then the coyotes! I will drive them to the mouth of the Puerto del Aire and sleep them to-night at the Ojitos, for they are in want of water.”

The patient burro—loaded with the blankets, an axe, a coffee-pot, a frying-pan, and a little coffee, sugar, salt, and flour—had by this time overtaken his runaway master. Pedro dressed two of the sheep which the coyote had killed, and loaded them across the comical little pack-saddle. In a few minutes he and the flock were pushing slowly to the westward.

Just after sunset they halted in the *piñons* under the cliffs at the mouth of the Puerto del Aire—the Pass of the Wind. It is a deep, narrow cañon, whose walls, fifteen hundred feet high, are seamed with countless veins of coal. Getting out his flint and steel, Pedro soon had a rousing fire, and began to cook his simple supper. A pot of very black coffee, a little flour mixed with water and cooked in the frying-pan, and the roasted ribs of a whole side of a sheep, comprised the meal, of which Pedro left only the bones.

The sheep had huddled in a close circle around the fire, shut themselves up like so many big four-

bladed jackknives, and gone to sleep. Pedro pulled from his feet the clumsy *teguas* with raw-hide soles and uppers of untanned sheepskin with the wool inward, and taking his awl and some thread of twisted sinews, mended a few incipient rents. Then, laying the *teguas* on the ground, he spread a blanket and stretched himself upon it, with his bare feet to the fire. It was the nearest to bed or undressing that he would get for weeks — at all events, until they should drive the flock down to Alamitos, there to be sheared with Don Ramon's thirty thousand other sheep.

Pedro dared not go to sleep when fortune seemed so unkind, and the wakeful night wore on wearily with him. There was no moon, but a thousand stars twinkled up at him from the little pool in the arroyo. Suddenly the boy raised himself on his elbows, brushed the long hair back from his ears, and bent his head sideways to listen intently.

Sharp ears had Pedro! Even the dogs were sleeping quietly beside the fire — Borracho and Mundo, the two biggest and best sheep-dogs in all Valencia County. But if they heard nothing, Pedro felt sure *he* did, and now he fairly held his breath to listen.

There it came again—a faint, thin call, from miles away. Pedro jumped to his feet, seized his heavy blanket, and in a moment had the fire out. Then he sat down to think a bit, beside the dogs, which were now awake and growling low.

“*Los Navajoses!* What can they be doing, travelling in the middle of the night? Tata¹ told me to be very careful of them, for they are warlike of late, stealing many sheep and horses, and killing many people. *Quiza* they are after the sheep! It is well that I go away from here quickly; but where? They are coming from the way of San Mateo, so I cannot go homeward on this side of the mountains. Goats can go through the Puerto by day, but sheep never. But Tata showed me, one time, from the top of the mesa here, the ruins of a strange city ten miles west. There I can hide my sheep and myself till he comes, for the walls of the Pueblo Alto are very strong. That is the place! Borracho! Mundo! *Hechalos!*”

The intelligent dogs began running around the flock and wakening it. The big woolly jackknives slowly opened themselves, and the burro, reinvested with his pack, fell into place in the rear of the procession.

Down the long “wash,” around tall, yellow cliffs and turrets of water-carved sandstone, over turtle-back ledges, and at last out into the broad, broken valley, the slow marchers wound. It was hard travelling in the dark, and Pedro had never been thus far west before; but his sense of locality was well developed, and, steering by the familiar stars, he pushed bravely along. Great owls skimmed

¹ Father.

just above his head, hooting dismally; and now and then, along the side of the vast mesa he was skirting, shrilled the appalling cry of the mountain lion. He carried the carbine in his hand, now peering through the darkness at the dim, white mass ahead, and anon stopping to listen for sounds from the rear.

A black peak on the right grew upon the darkness, overshadowed them awhile, and then fell behind. "We are going well. There is the Peak of the Heart," said Pedro encouragingly to himself. "We must soon come now to the Valley of the Deserted City." And he pushed the sheep to a broken trot.

Just as the dawn blossomed to red in the east, they descended a short, steep "draw," crossed a deep but waterless river-bed, and emerged upon a smooth, circular plain. In the very centre of it Pedro could see the high, ragged walls of the mysterious Pueblo Alto, and in a few minutes more the dogs were holding the sheep in a tired clump at the foot of the ruins, while Pedro climbed up to explore.

It was a wonderful place, the ruins of an ancient Pueblo stone city, deserted before Columbus discovered America. It lay in the great Navajo reservation, fifty miles from the nearest settlement. Few white men have ever seen it, even to this day. The town was built in the shape of a rectangle, two hundred feet long, with the houses

terraced and facing inward upon a common plaza or square. The outer walls were still standing, ten to twenty feet high, and on the west side part of the fifth story of a great tower, square outside and round within, rose nearly fifty feet aloft. Doors and windows there were none, and the ladders by which the walls were once scaled had crumbled to dust centuries before. Luckily there was a breach in the wall of one of the rooms, and driving his flock in through this, Pedro walled up the gap with the big flat rocks which had fallen from the upper stories. A little bunch-grass grew in the plaza and on the mounds of debris. Water there was none, nearer than the pools in the Cañon de los Osos, six miles away, but the sheep had been watered only a few hours before, and were used to water only once in two days. On a pinch, they could go without for four.

As for himself, there was water in the little keg on the pack-saddle, and food enough for a week with economy. Pedro cooked breakfast over a fire of *chapparo*, and having eaten, sat down to wait.

There were no signs of danger as yet. Had he been too timid and made a mistake? If his fears were groundless, it *was* a bad mistake to come to the Pueblo Alto, for it was in the rightful country of the surly Navajos, who would certainly make trouble if they found him there.

But while these uncomfortable thoughts were passing through his unkempt head, his sharp eyes

sighted a figure, outlined against the sky, on the top of a swell six miles away. Civilized eyes, which are little called upon for such use, could hardly have discerned it at all, but Pedro saw plainly that it was an Indian on horseback, and coming toward him.

The figure disappeared, and another came in sight, and then another and another, till the frightened boy had counted twenty-seven of them. He wiped his gun carefully with a piece of buckskin, and counted the long, heavy cartridges in his belt — just twenty-two. Truly, here was no chance for poor shooting! If the Indians attacked him, he must make every bullet count. Esquipulo had been a famous Indian-fighter in his day; and the boy had often listened to his stories of struggles with Apache, Navajo, and Ute.

“There is one thing,” the old man used to say, “which thou must always remember. An Indian is the most seeing man in the world. He will know, as well and as quickly as thyself, if thou art frightened. When he attacks thee in a strong place, he will first make feints of charging, to see what thou art made of. If thou art cool, and waitest to make every shot count, he will at once change his ways, and try to pick thee off from a distance — in which there is small danger, if thou art watchful. But if thou miss a shot or two at first, he will charge into thee and over thee, and shoot thee down from near.”

Pedro did remember all this, which he had heard a hundred times ; and though he was trembling with excitement and fear, he fully resolved that he would show a cool front. But even if he repulsed their immediate attacks — what then ? They could hold him besieged indefinitely, and there was no chance of help except from his father. Ah ! His father ! Alone and on foot, why, the Navajos would have no trouble with him.

The more Pedro thought of this the more alarmed he became. Esquipulo would be back now in a day or two. He would follow the sheep-tracks, and come unsuspectingly to his death. But how to warn him !

It was too late for Pedro to abandon the sheep and sneak back unseen to warn his father — as he now would have been glad to do. The Indians were already riding down the open valley in plain sight, and not more than two miles away.

Ah ! The dogs ! “ Here, Borracho ! ”

Borracho came leisurely up and laid his huge head in Pedro’s lap. Borracho was very knowing. He understood all that was said to him, *he* could go home and carry a message.

Pedro could neither read nor write, but he had not been in the school of Out-of-Doors for nothing.

He tore a rag from his shirt, knotted into it an ear lopped from one of the sheep, and bearing Don Ramon’s ear-mark ; a bit of the broken Pueblo pottery which was strewn all over the ruins ; and

a rude picture drawn with a coal upon a tolerably white bit of shirt, representing sheep inside a high wall, and twenty-seven Indians outside.

Tying the parcel about Borracho's neck, he let the dog down over the wall with repeated commands and pointings, and a final "*Por San Mateo! Vayate!*"

Borracho seemed to understand his mission and started off on a long lope. The Indians fired at him as he passed, but he skulked up the arroyo safely, and the last Pedro saw of him he was five miles away and still running.

The Indians reined up at the ruins and dismounted carelessly. They had seen the tracks of but one small boy with the sheep, and anticipated no resistance to their intended seizure of the flock.

"Stop!" called Pedro, who had learned something of the Navajo tongue from the Indians who were constantly coming to San Mateo. "Stop, or I will shoot! These sheep are of Don Ramon, and I must keep them."

The Indians, yelling scornfully, prepared to mount the wall. One, kneeling upon his saddle, took another upon his back, and thus lifted him high enough to reach the top of the wall where it was lowest. The Indian pulled himself up lightly, but just as he got his knees upon the top he fell back upon his companion with a groan. The shepherd boy had aimed well.

The Navajos at once began firing; but Pedro kept

well hidden in the big tower, peeping only through the loopholes — through which the besieged Pueblos had shot their quartz-tipped arrow ages before — and waiting patiently his chance to shoot, for now the Indians seemed to appreciate the shelter afforded by the wall, and showed themselves but little.

Suddenly four swarthy heads popped above the wall; four Indians leaped into the enclosure and made a rush for the tower, while several more were climbing the wall. It was a trying moment, but Pedro kept his head. Not till they were within twenty feet did his loophole spit its blast of smoke. Two of the Navajos were in line, and the heavy ball, passing clear through the foremost, gave the second a mortal wound. The other two hesitated a second, and it gave Pedro time to throw in another cartridge and drop the third Indian at the very entrance to the tower. The fourth ran and jumped down outside, and his companions hastily dropped back.

Pedro felt that he had made a good beginning, and it gave him confidence. With sufficient watchfulness he believed he could keep the Indians at bay till the arrival of the help which he now felt sure would come. He crawled with painful care to the pack, mixed a little flour and water, and ate it raw — for there was no wood to make a fire. The Indians had evidently learned to respect his metal, and made no more assaults, though the

sharp *pi-annng!* of a bullet close to his head, when he exposed it at all, reminded him that they were watching him closely.

So the day wore on; and at last the dreaded darkness began to close in upon him. Pedro knew that now was the time of his utmost danger; and, without thought of sleeping, watched like a cat, creeping softly around to peer and listen. In this way he was on hand to stop one attempt to scale the wall, and pushed down big rocks upon the Indians below.

About midnight he heard a strange, grating noise, which puzzled him. Creeping around, he found that the Indians were quietly removing the stones with which he had filled the gap where the sheep came in. The tower had a loophole on that side, and aiming along the house-walls and about a foot out, he fired at a guess. A yell of pain told that he had guessed well, and directly he heard the Indians moving off into the plain. There was no further molestation that night, and when morning came Pedro felt reasonably secure. The Indians had camped just over a low ridge, whence they could see without being seen, and there they stayed all day, doubtless planning new strategy for the night.

But just as the sun was setting toward the Chaco Mesa, Pedro saw a body of horsemen riding hard from the east. As they drew near he recognized in the lead Colonel Manuel Chaves,

the terror of every hostile tribe in the Territory for a generation, and with him were Esquipulo and a score of well-armed neighbors. Away at the rear toiled poor old Borracho, worn out with his journey of more than one hundred miles, but still unwilling to desert his master.

The Indians were already in flight, and as they were on the reservation, no pursuit was made. All patted Pedro's shaggy head, and when the famous Colonel Chaves said to him, "Pedrito, thou art a brave boy. I wish I had an army like thee!" his cup of happiness was full.

The flock was escorted safely to San Mateo, and Don Ramon was so well pleased with Pedro's pluck that he gave him fifty sheep for his very own. Pedro is a grown man now, and the fifty sheep have increased to many thousand. Borracho is still alive, and is made much of, though he ceased to be useful years ago. He has lost all his teeth, and can barely limp for rheumatism; but when unmannerly dogs would impose on his age, there is not a man or child in San Mateo but will stone them off with, "Ill-said curs! Would you tear the brave dog that brought the message from the Pueblo Alto, and saved Pedro and the flock?"

LITTLE LOLITA.

Acoma

I WAS very much out of breath when I first saw Lolita, and just had enough left to say "*Quat-zee*," and take the little, brown, fat, dimpled hand she shyly held out to me—most of the other being in her cunning little mouth. You would have been out of breath, too, if you had been with me. Just think of living in a town that you have to climb a stone ladder of a thousand steps to get to! That is the sort of place Lolita lives in. It is called Acoma, and I think it is the most wonderful city in the world. The strongholds of Quebec and Gibraltar are nothing beside it. It is in one of the western counties of New Mexico, that most interesting part of America, and one about which very few people in the East know much. Its people all have brown skins, long black hair, and the strangest clothes you ever saw. They are Pueblos, the children of that strange, quiet race which had lived in this country for hundreds of years before Columbus ever dreamed there was such a place as America They live to-day just as they lived then, in queer, neat houses made of big mud bricks dried in the sun, with nice little farms

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and big flocks of sheep and cattle and horses. They call themselves *Hano Ohshatch*, which means "children of the sun," for they believe the sun is the house of a god, whom they worship in some very queer ways. They go to church, too, in the most wonderful church in the world. It took them forty years to build it, and forty more to make the graveyard. You see, the town stands on top of what they call here a mesa, or table of rock, five hundred feet high, and with sides as steep as the walls of a house. There are only three paths to the top, and such dreadful paths as they are you can't imagine. Once, long ago, a man and a woman who lived in the town were coming up the worst of these paths, and were nearly to the top, when the man slipped and fell backward. As he fell he hit the woman, and both tumbled together over five hundred feet to the plain below, crushed into horrible and shapeless masses. So you can see how fearfully steep these stone ladders must be. And when I tell you that the church covers far more ground than any church in New York, and the graveyard nearly as much more, and that these patient people had to bring every timber and every bit of mud for the church, and all the dirt for the graveyard, which is a great stone box over two hundred feet square and sixty-five feet deep, you will understand why it is so wonderful. In the same way they had to bring up all the material for the houses in which eight hundred people live —



PUEBLO WOMEN.

70a

up dizzy precipices which few Americans dare to climb with empty hands. As the great table of seventy acres upon which the town is built is one solid rock, of course they can have no wells; but there are three great natural cavities in the rock, each large enough to throw a big house into, and whenever it rains or snows a great deal of water is caught in these. Back in the States, this water would soon spoil; but it keeps fresh and cool all the year round in Acoma, which is a thousand feet higher above the sea-level than the top of the tallest mountain east of Colorado. The beautiful plain all around the foot of the mesa is green with rustling corn and waving grass, and thousands of sheep and cattle, horses and burros, are grazing all around. Did you ever see a burro? He is a sort of pocket-size donkey, no larger than a young colt, but very strong and useful, and with the queerest, wisest expression of face you ever saw. To look at him, you would fancy he had swallowed three dictionaries, and knew them all by heart already. But really all he knows is to look out for himself pretty well, and to be very careful when he is intrusted with a burden.

Well, when I got to the top of the cliff, panting and hot, there was little Lolita standing on the edge, where she could look down five hundred feet. I had seen her from the bottom, whence she looked no bigger than a black ant standing on its hind legs. But now I could see that she was

about three years old, very plump, and with more dimples than anybody else I know. Perhaps the dimple-maker was a particular friend of hers. Her hair was very long for such a little girl, and hadn't a kink in it. It was perfectly straight, very fine, black as a crow, and "banged" in front. I can remember very well when an American girl with bangs would have been a curiosity to the whole country, common as the fashion is now; but the Acoma women and children have been banging their hair for hundreds of years. The Yankees didn't invent everything.

Lolita had on a little loose calico gown which came to her knees, and not another thing. She never wore shoes or stockings in her life; but when she gets older, she will put on funny little moccasins made of deerskin, with rawhide soles, and a long band of deerskin wrapped around her leg from foot to knee, until it looks like a very big white boot. Neither has she ever worn a hat; but in place of it, on feast-days and to go to church, she has a little red shawl that she puts over her head and shoulders, so that it looks much like a tight hood. No matter how cold it is, she wears no other clothes — and really she doesn't mind the winter half as much as many little Eastern girls, with all their warm clothes, and cloaks, and muffs. Her little body is as tough all over as your face is, and for the same reason — habit.

At first Lolita was very shy of me. She had

never seen but one or two people in such clothes, which looked as queer to her as her father's would to you; and what she had seen were on rough people, who didn't care for little girls. But I had brought a very big sack of candy behind my saddle, and it didn't take her long to find out what those little sweet, striped sticks were for. She couldn't speak a word of English or Spanish, and as I didn't know a great deal of the Acoma language then we couldn't talk together much. But we soon understood each other famously, all the same, and really didn't need to use our tongues.

So in a very short time you might have seen us walking together over the rough rocks toward the town, she holding my hand, and looking up at me sidewise out of her big, dark eyes, while the stick of candy grew steadily shorter and shorter between the little, white teeth. "*Ha-te cu-cha hobo?*" I asked, which means in Acoma, "Where do you live?" and Lolita led me around past the big church, and stopped in front of a row of houses more than one thousand feet long, all divided up into narrow little dwellings, but solid and continuous, as if carved out of one great block. And such queer houses! There are none in the States like them — which is a pity, as they are much more comfortable than the tenements of our great cities. Each house is three stories high, and built in terraces, so that the row looks like three great steps to some giant's door. There are no windows and no doors in the

first story — nothing but little peepholes with panes of gypsum, a stone which lets the light through like glass, but is not nearly so clear. To get into the house at all you must climb a funny, big ladder, and then walk back on the roof of the first story to the door of the second. Inside is a little trap-door and another ladder, by which you can go down into the cellar-like first story. The people built their houses in this way to defend themselves better against the Apaches, Navajos, and other murderous Indians who used to be fighting them all the time ; and for the same reason they put their town on top of the lofty mesa. The houses are very neat inside, and have the funniest little mud fireplaces imaginable, but no chairs or bedsteads, tables or lounges. The beds are spread on the floor at night, and rolled up and put along the walls by day for seats ; and for their meals they sit on the floor in a circle, with the food in the middle.

After I had talked awhile with Lolita's father and mother, and eaten some *matzin*, — their queer, blue bread, which looked exactly like a piece of hornet's nest, — I took Lolita by one hand, and the sack of candy in the other, and went out. We backed down the big ladder and stood in the street, which is one smooth, solid rock. In front of the houses were groups of children, playing in little patches of sand, or tossing pebbles at a mark. The children of Acoma are as queer as their town.

They never saw a doll nor any other American plaything ; but they amuse themselves with sticks, and stones, and mud pies, and have a great deal better time than many white children. They never went to school, and wouldn't know what a book was ; but they know all about outdoors, ride on wild horses, and can take care of themselves as well as a lot of grown-up Americans. The little girls take care not only of themselves, but also of the babies of the family, whom they never pinch, nor tease, nor neglect. It is a very funny sight to see a wee girl of five years stoop down and take her fat, naked baby brother up pick-a-back, fold her little shawl around her so that it holds him up as if he were in a bag, and then trot off to her play, holding the ends of her shawl tightly, while his chubby face peeps over her shoulder. These children hardly ever cry ; and in the years that I have been among them, I have never seen them quarrel—which is more than I can say for my American boy and girl friends.

But when we came down the ladder the children stopped playing, and a few timid ones scurried into their homes. The rest came edging slyly towards us, as if half afraid I might bite ; but when they saw what Lolita had in her mouth—for she was at work on a second stick by this time—they grew bolder. I opened the big bag and held up a fistful of candy, and they all crowded around me, holding up their hands modestly, but saying noth-

ing except with their expectant eyes. I noticed that when I gave a stick of candy to a little girl, she always gave it to the baby on her back, and held out her hand again for a piece for herself — which you may be sure she got. In a few minutes all the children in town — about two hundred of them — were around me reaching for *dulces*. A good picture of that scene would have been very pretty, but all the people of Acoma, little and big, greatly dislike to have their photographs taken, and it cost me a great deal of time and trouble — even a long time afterward, when everybody there knew and liked me — to get pictures of Lolita and a few other children. Only a few weeks ago an American, who went to make some pictures of that wonderful place, was driven out of the town.

We had great times together for a few days, Lolita and I. The other children came around, too, to play with me, to roar when I made faces at them, and to “oo-ooh!” with delight over the paper dolls I cut out; but Lolita was my favorite. And now, whenever I go to Acoma, she comes dancing out to meet me, puts her fat little arms around my neck, and then dives in my pockets for the candy she knows is there. And whenever I come away she goes down the big stone ladder with me — generally on my back — to watch me ride away; and the last thing I see as I turn in my saddle, before rounding the corner of the mesa, is little Lolita, standing on a big sand-hill and waving me a pretty good by.

THREE LIVE WITCHES.

IF the Puritans had had as much to say about the rest of the vast area now covered by the United States as they did in their narrow New England strip, I should not be writing this. Such witches as they had, they promptly assisted to a more merciful world; but the real home of witchcraft on this continent was as far outside their jurisdiction as their knowledge. No such merciless censors as they were to be found in the arid area which Spain had colonized in the great Southwest long before a Caucasian foot had touched Plymouth Rock; and in the bare, adobe villages which began to dot the green valleys of what is now New Mexico, witchcraft was an institution which none cared to molest. Physically, there were no braver people than these Spanish speaking pioneers who made the first settlements in the New World. Their whole life was one heroic struggle with wild beasts and wilder men, with suffering, privation, and danger. The colonists of the Atlantic coast, perilous as was their undertaking, had never such gruesome foes as the Spaniards fought here for three centuries. None but brave men would have

opened such a wilderness, and none but brave ones could have held it. History records no greater heroisms than the unwritten ones which the rocky mesas of New Mexico witnessed almost daily.

But with all their courage in facing material danger, these simple, uneducated folk shrank from the mysterious and the unknown like children from the dark. Indeed, they *were* children. Their superstitions entered into every phase of daily life. And such wonderfully curious superstitions! An American child to-day would be ashamed to believe the stuff that brave men had faith in then. Though our own forefathers were perhaps quite as superstitious as they, a few generations brought enlightenment. But while we have been climbing to the height of civilization, this out-of-the-way corner of the nation — so different from all the rest in physical appearance, in customs and manners, in ideas and ambitions — has been very nearly at a standstill.

During the forty years that New Mexico has been under our flag, she has changed for the better, but the change is little more than skin-deep. The ideas and the customs of the great majority of her people are almost as un-American as the ideas and customs of the Zulus. Her sparsely settled area of one hundred and twenty-two thousand square miles holds more that is quaint and wonderful, more of the Dark Ages, more that the civilized world long ago outgrew, than all the rest of the

country put together ; and to-day one of the most wonderful things within her bare, brown borders is the survival and prevalence of witchcraft.

There are not now nearly as many witches in New Mexico as there were a few years ago, but there are enough — if popular belief is accepted. Of course I am speaking now from the New Mexican standpoint, to which the small, educated class looks back with indulgent incredulity, but in which the common people believe as sincerely as did the Puritans when they burned poor old women at the stake “because they were witches.” Of the little Mexican hamlets in the more secluded corners of the Territory, there are few which cannot still boast a resident witch, in whose malignant powers the simple villagers have firmest faith, and the story of whose alleged doings would fill a large volume.

I had the probably unprecedented privilege, a short time ago, of photographing three live witches as they stood in the door of their little adobe house — Antonia Morales and Placida Morales, sisters, and Villa, the daughter of Placida, and not more than seventeen years old. All three live in the little village of San Rafael, which lies beside the beautiful Gallo Spring in the fertile valley behind that great, black lava-flow which, centuries ago, ran down the valley of the Rio Puerco — “Dirty River” — from the now extinct craters of the Zuñi Mountains. Their house is about in the

centre of the straggling village. Only a few hundred feet away stands the little Presbyterian mission schoolhouse, where thirty or forty Mexican children are learning to read and write, to speak English and "do sums," under the charge of two young ladies from the East. The little church is even closer.

But a majority of the people believe more heartily in the witches than they do in the school. The town is much in awe of these three lone women. No one cares to refuse when they ask for food or other favors. They will do almost anything rather than incur the displeasure of the *bruja*s, as the witches are called. Any one can tell you direful tales of what befell those who were rash enough to offend them. Queer reading these witch stories make in this day and country. Here are some of the remarkable tales which I hear from the believing lips of "the oldest inhabitants": —

Francisco Ansures, a good-looking young Mexican, whose adobe house is one of the six that constitute the little village of Cerros Cuates, had the misfortune four years ago to offend one of the witches. I say his misfortune, for he did not know, until the penalty came upon him, that he had offended, and to this day is not aware what particular evil he did to her. But the witch knew, and punished him for his deed, whatever it may have been.

She said nothing at the time, but waited patiently till one day she had a chance to give him a cup of coffee. He drank the decoction unsuspectingly. In a few minutes thereafter he was horrified to see that his hair had grown two feet in length, and that his rough overalls had turned to petticoats. Still worse, when he cried out in dismay, his pleasant tenor voice had become a squeaky treble.

In a word, he had been turned into a woman — at least, that is what he says, and what his industrious little wife maintains to this day. They declare that he remained a woman for several months, and recovered his proper sex only by paying a male witch who lived in the Cañon de Juan Tafoya to turn him back again.

A witch named Marcelina — a poor, withered little woman about fifty years old — was stoned to death in San Mateo, thirty miles north of San Rafael, in 1887, because she had “turned Don José Patricio Mariño into a woman, and made Señor Montaña very lame.”

Montaña is still lame; but not nearly so much so as before he helped to kill poor old Marcelina. That pious act not only relieved his feelings, but soothed his distorted muscles also. Mariño is again a man — and one of very good standing in San Mateo — having hired another witch to re-transform him into a man's shape.

In the Pueblo Indian town of Zia, less than ten

years ago, lived a witch who was quietly but perseveringly causing all the children of the place to die one after the other. At last the people could stand it no longer, and arose in a mass to wipe her out, but found their efforts vain. The priest refused to come from his home in a neighboring town to help them, so they enlisted the sacristan — one of their own number, who had charge of the church. He marched at the head of the mob, carrying a jar of holy water, which he had taken from the church. As they came near, the poor old woman fled, with the mob in howling pursuit. Just as they were about to overtake her, she suddenly turned herself into a dog, and soon distanced them. They got their horses and ran her down; but she changed again to a coyote and ran faster than ever.

It took the riders nearly all day to catch up with her again; and then the coyote became a cat in the twinkling of an eye, and ran up a tall tree. They tried in vain to shake her down; but when the sacristan arrived he threw some holy water up the tree so that it splashed on her, and down she tumbled like a rock, changing back to her human shape as she dropped.

The crowd fell upon her with clubs and hatchets and beat her head and body fearfully; but still she lived and groaned, though any one of her hundred wounds was enough to kill a strong man.

“Untie the knot! Untie the knot!” she kept

screaming, and at last a man who was not too infuriated to hear, stooped down and untied a queer little knot which he found in one corner of her blood-soaked blanket. The instant that was loosed her spirit took its flight.

Nicolas Mariño, brother of Patricio, once saw a big ball of fire alight in the arroyo which runs through the town of San Mateo. 'Coulas, as he is familiarly called, is a brave man; and though he knew this must be a witch, he started in pursuit. Just as he reached it, the ball of fire turned into a big rat, which ran off through the grass. When he caught up with the rat, it changed to a huge dog, which growled savagely, sprang clear over his head, and disappeared among the willows.

Juana Garcia, a woman of San Mateo, had a daughter named Maria Acacia, who was taken suddenly sick in the evening. As Juana went outside to gather some herbs for medicine, she saw an unknown animal prowling about the house, and caught it. No sooner did she get her hands on it than it turned into a woman, whom she recognized as Salia, the witch daughter of Witch Marcelina.

"Cure my daughter," cried Juana, "or I will have you killed!"

Salia promised, and was allowed to go. But when morning came Maria was no better. Juana went straight to Salia's house and demanded, with natural indignation:—

“Why didn’t you cure my daughter, as you promised you would?”

“Pooh! I don’t believe she is sick,” answered Salia. “We’ll go and see.”

The witch was a better walker than the mother, and reached the house first. When Juana arrived she found Maria making *tortillas*—a Mexican bread, shaped like a flapjack, cooked on a hot stone, and so durable that it is often carried for days at the pommel of the traveller’s saddle. The witch had gone, and the girl was as well as ever.

“What did she do to you?” asked the astonished mother.

“She just took some ashes from the fireplace, and rubbed them on my arms, and I got up well,” replied Maria.

Juan Baca is one of the best-known characters among the common people in this part of the country. He is a member of the Order of the Penitentes—that strange brotherhood of fanatics who whip their bare backs through Lent to expiate the sins of the year, bear huge crosses, fill themselves with the agonizing needles of the cactus, and wind up on Good Friday by crucifying one of their number.

His wife once refused coffee to Salia, who went away angry. Next day a sore formed on Señora Baca’s nose, and small, white pebbles kept dropping therefrom. Juan knew what was the matter, and going to Salia’s house, he said:—

"Look, you have bewitched my wife. If you don't cure her at once, I will hang you."

"It is well," answered Salia; "I will cure her."

Juan went home contented. But his wife grew worse instead of better; and taking his long reata, with its easy slipping noose at one end, he went again to Salia's.

"I have come to hang you," said he.

"No, don't! I'll come right over!" cried Salia; and over she went with him. She gave the sick woman a little black powder, and rubbed her nose once. Out came a sinew four inches long, and instantly the nose was as well as ever.

These are only samples—I could tell you a hundred more—of the stories implicitly believed by thousands of people in this far-off corner of the United States. Their superstitions as to the general traits of the witches are no less curious and foolish. It is believed that the witches can do anything they wish, but that they never wish to do a good act unless bribed or scared into it. They never injure dumb brutes, but confine their evil spells to human beings who have, knowingly or unwittingly, incurred their wrath.

At night they go flying to the mountains to meet other witches; and hundreds of ignorant people declare that they have seen them sailing through the dark sky like balls of fire. Before leaving home they always exchange their own legs and eyes for those of a dog, cat, or coyote, cry out

"*Sin Dios y sin Santa Maria*," which signifies, "Without God and without the Virgin Mary," and then fly off. Juan Perea, a male witch who died in San Mateo in 1888, once met with a singular misfortune. He had taken the eyes of a cat for one of his nocturnal rambles, leaving his own eyes on the table. During his absence a dog knocked the table over and ate the eyes; and the unlucky witch had to finish his days with the green eyes of a cat. Luckily, the dog did not eat his legs, which were old and tough, or I don't know how he would have got along.

Any one named Juan (John) can catch a witch by going through a curious rigmarole. He draws a large circle on the ground, seats himself inside it, turns his shirt wrong side out, and cries, "In the name of God I call thee, *bruja*," and straightway whatever witch is near must fall helpless inside his circle. Every one who lives here can tell you that a Juan has this power; but he seldom uses it, for he knows that if he does so all the witches in the country will fall upon him and beat him mercilessly to death.

Another curious superstition prevalent here is that if you stick a couple of needles into a broom so that they form a little cross, and put it behind the door when a witch is in your house, the witch cannot get out of that door until a dog or a person has passed out ahead.

This superstition was employed on one occasion

to tease a woman who passed for a witch. Not very long ago, this reputed witch visited the house of some refined and educated Spanish friends of mine in San Mateo, and one of the young ladies made the needle experiment.

The witch started several times to go out, but each time paused at the door for some one else to precede her. All roguishly hung back, and she was there nearly all day. At last a child went out, and the witch rushed out after. Probably she had noticed the trick, and wished to keep up the deceptive reputation of witchcraft.

The sign of the cross, or the spoken name of God or one of the saints, stops a witch at once. I know people here who assert that they were being carried on a witch's back, thousands of miles a minute, to some distant destination; but that when they became alarmed, and cried, "God save me!" they instantly fell hundreds of feet — without being hurt — and found themselves alone in a great wilderness.

School and church are gradually killing off these strange and childish superstitions, but they die hard, and it will be many a year before New Mexico will be bereft of her last reputed witch.

HOW TO THROW THE LASSO.

THE “biggest half” of this world is what my Mexican and Indian neighbors here in New Mexico call “*el saber*” — “the know how.” Even the great mechanical inventions require skill in their use ; and still more striking is the power of “the know how” in getting wonderful results from very simple means. Perhaps there is no better example of this than the lasso affords. That which is to the vast majority of Americans a mere rope with a loop at one end, good for tying or hanging up or drawing things, becomes in some hands one of the most astonishingly effective weapons in the world. It is a hempen rifle which needs no loading and has no more report than a snowflake ; which is as accurate as a bullet within its range, and kills its game or secures it unscratched, with equal ease and certainty ; a trap which does not await the uncertain coming of a victim, but runs after him and shuts down on him and holds him as with teeth of steel. And as nearly all weapons are also adapted to amusement, this magic rope is one of the most fascinating of toys, beside which rifle practice, archery, and similar diversions, are very

tame indeed. A great advantage, too, is that it is never dangerous unless the user designs it to be — a virtue possessed by no other weapon — and it is as easy to learn as real expertness with rifle or bow.

There is but one race in the United States which is, as a race, expert in the use of the lasso — the Spanish speaking people. It is peculiarly their institution — one which they first brought here from South America, and one still chiefly confined to that part of the United States which they occupy, the Southwest. Thousands of Western Americans, however, and most of the Southwestern Indians are handy with *la reata* — the proper name of the lasso, “lariat” being a Texas corruption.

There is no reason in the world why any American boy with common outdoor pluck may not become an expert with the reata if he desires, and I have been often asked to tell him how. I am very glad to do so, for it is a beautiful and useful accomplishment, and a noble training to eye and hand, and I wish all my young countrymen were as clever at it as is my Indian friend, Francisco, who has kindly come over to let me photograph him in the positions desired to make my description perfectly clear.

The standard lasso is forty feet long, and from one-fourth to three-eighths of an inch in thickness. The best are of pleated rawhide; but they cannot be had in the East, and only an expert can make

one. They are preferred for "cow-work" — the various duties of the cowboy, which include not only lassoing, but dragging cattle from bogs, etc., — because of their combined lightness, strength, and freedom from kinks. If the learner becomes sufficiently expert to make it worth while, he can then procure one of these pleated lassos from any large saddlery house in San Francisco or Albuquerque, or probably Kansas City, for about eight dollars.

An ordinary rope, however, is the proper thing to learn with; and, indeed, many cowboys use it altogether, because of its cheapness. It is almost as good, in every way, as the pleated reata, and costs only a twentieth as much.

Get a three-eighths inch hemp rope, forty-one feet long; secure the end from fraying by winding tightly with waxed shoemaker's or carpet thread, and make the *honda* (loop) by "grafting" the other end back on the rope, and wind the graft in the same way. Never tie knots. The *honda* should be two or four inches in diameter, so as to let the rope play through it with perfect freedom.

Having the lasso thus made, give it two hours in clean water; then whip it out free from kinks, and stretch it tight between two posts or trees, never putting the ends around the posts, but stretching by another rope at each end, and leave it there till perfectly dry. Then take the rear or hand end in your left hand, and with the right coil the whole

rope into that hand, toward you, in a coil of say two feet in diameter, taking care that the successive coils do not cross or twist with each other, but lie flat to each other like so many hoops held side by side. Tie a cord through and around the coils on one side to keep them together, and hang over a peg to let the rope "get accustomed." The reata, to do good work, should always be thus coiled and hung up after use, otherwise it will acquire kinks, and fail to work just when you want it most.

Your lasso is now ready for use. You must, of course, at first practice on foot and at a stationary mark. A post five or six feet high is best. Begin at a distance of twelve or fifteen feet, which may be increased as you gain proficiency to the range of your rope — thirty-five feet. That is far enough to throw a lasso. The higher distances are attempted only by rare experts with extra long ropes. I have seen one lasso his running target at an even sixty feet ; but he was the only man I ever saw make it at that astounding range.

Taking your position, whip out the rope, reeve the hand-end through the *honda*, and run it up till the noose is about seven feet long. Then take the hand-end in your left hand, and coil the rope carefully to it until you are within six feet of the noose. Take the rope a foot on each side of the *honda* together in your right hand, thus making a temporary extra loop to prevent the *honda* from slipping forward and shutting the noose.

Now you are ready to "aim." Stand with your right foot a little forward, lift the right arm till the fist easily clears the head — about as in swinging Indian clubs — and begin to revolve the noose over your head with an easy motion of the arm from right to left, and a perfectly flexible wrist. It is the wrist that does the chief work here, as in most other matters of dexterity. Whirl the rope just fast enough so that you can guide it into a plane parallel with the ground, the whole noose revolving on a level as if it were a wheel of which your uplifted arm is the axle.

When you have the noose going thus horizontally, and have calculated as well as you can the force necessary to carry it over the post, give a quick step forward with the left foot just as your arm is coming around from back to front; and in the same instant, bringing your hand (palm downward) forward and down to the level of the shoulder, but at full armlength and without breaking the rhythm of the sweep, let go.

If you have done this properly the noose will go sailing forward like a hoop, in a plane almost parallel to the ground. Whether it falls over the post is a matter about which you need not worry for some time. The first great difficulty is to send the noose level; and when you have mastered that the proper cultivation of force will come soon enough with practice.

The coil in the left hand must of course be held



THROWING THE LASSO—THE AIM, AND MANNER OF HOLDING REATA.

loosely in fingers upcurved but not closed, so that it may "pay out" easily as the noose "calls." The end, or the last coil, should be securely held, however, as it has to be in real lassoing.

When you can guide the noose surely at the first range, increase your distance from the post little by little. In time you will be able to "bag" the post every shot at thirty-five feet. Then it is time to begin practice on moving objects—an accommodating chum for instance. Let him run slowly, and pursue him, whirling the noose overhead as you run, until you can make a throw. It will take longer to learn to calculate his speed and where to throw in order to get his head, but it can be done by practice, and the practice is "good fun."

If you ride you may now begin horseback work; first standing and at a post; then loping slowly and trying to rope something stationary but not fixed—like a shock of corn, or anything light. To rope a post while riding would hurt you a good deal more than the post; and whatever you cast at, while in motion, you must at the same instant take a sharp turn around the horn of your saddle with the free end of the rope. Last of all, if you have an available animal you may practice real lassoing without hurting it.

Head-lassoing is as far as the average youth will ever care to go; and how to do that I have explained. The supreme skill with which the

best experts lasso a running animal by either hind or fore legs — which is done by throwing the noose forward close to the ground in front of the hurrying hoof, with so nice a calculation that the next step will take the hoof within the noose before the noose has quite fallen flat; and with a backward jerk so well timed and rapid that it shuts the noose upon the leg before the hoof can be out again — is something to be acquired only by very long and patient practice. But the youth who has learned head-lassoing has all the necessary knowledge for the last branch, and can acquire that, too, if he have the necessary perseverance.

“OLD SURELY.”

OLD MONNY stuck his head out of the door of the cabin. No one was in sight. Over to the Northeast, fifty miles away, the blue-white pyramid of Pike's Peak pierced the sky. Nearly as far to the Southeast were the purple mountains through whose granite heart the Arkansaw River had gnawed its wonderful chasm. All around, close at hand, he looked down upon a wilderness of lesser peaks, seamed with wild cañons, beetling with awful cliffs, patched with the shifting shadows of the great white cumuli above. Old Monny had not what would be called a poetic nature; and he had lived long enough among the marvelous scenery of Colorado to find little novelty in it now; yet the charm of the high, clear air and the outlook did seem to make a bit of an impression, even on Monny. “Dreadful beautiful day,” he muttered to himself, throwing his head back and drawing a great breath of the bracing air. “Wonder whar thet there Jim is? Ought to 'a' been back fr'm Beaver Creek two hour ago.”

Old Monny, as every one called him, was not an old man, though by no means a young one.

His long, matted hair and beard were well streaked with gray, but his eye was keen as a hawk's, his step quick and light, and his figure erect as a Comanche's. As for strength and agility, there were few younger men in the area he roved over who could throw Old Monny in a rough and tumble, or "pack" a heavier load on their backs than he. A trapper and hunter by instinct and long habit, he had stuck steadfastly to the calling of his choice; and while others all around him were tearing up the sands of the mountain streams in search of *placer* gold, or rending the rocky ribs of the mountains in excited pursuit of the veins of gold or silver, Old Monny attended to his traps and his rifle with unswerving constancy. He had little love for the miners. "They drives the beaver 'n' trout out'n the cricks, 'n' skeers the game out'n the hills," he used to say, "'n' wot fur? Jes' to slave their lives out 'n' git nuthin'. I'd sooner be a dog with my back broke in a wildeat's den."

Monny went back into the cabin, and was still busy about something inside when a tall, lank, red-headed fellow came slouching up the trail with a heavy Winchester in the hollow of his arm.

"Wal, Monny, I done packed 'n' cashayed¹ the beaver traps, 'n' got all ready down below to move over to La Veta. But I'llow ez how we bet-

¹ Buried, a corruption of the French trappers' word *caché*.

ter not start till to-morrow. I seen s'me elk over on the Black Ridge, 'n' elk's gettin' too skase now to leggo. Wot do yo' say ef we take a pasear over thar 'n' try to get one or two on 'em?"

Monny had emerged, with an unusual air of interest. "Wal, now, Jim, I did 'llow we'd oughter be over to Veta to-night; but 's yo' say, elk's purty thin nowadays with these miners monkeyin' round. I reck'n we best git the elk fust—the beaver k'n wait."

There was little preparation needed, and in perhaps three minutes more the two men were striding down the trail toward a deep cañon on the north. Monny carried his favorite old Kentucky "squirrel rifle"—a venerable muzzle-loader of immense length and weight, but of caliber no larger than a pea. He was often jested with about "Old Surely," but never could be persuaded to discard it for one of the modern breech-loading magazine rifles. "She's slow, but she's sure," he used always to reply, "'n' I never did get in no sech place but ol' Surely wuz fast enough to fetch me out. Them pump-guns wot yo' loads Sunday 'n' shoots all the rest o' the week, is good f'r tender-foots 'n' them ez gets rattled, but one shot 'n' take yo'r time about it 's good 'nough f'r hunters. Hevin' too many charges in yo'r gun spiles good shootin'."

Descending the precipitous trail into the cañon, they were soon climbing an equally precipitous one

on the other side. Most men would have been glad to rest on such a climb about every hundred yards, but Monny and Jim plodded on unhesitatingly, as though it were child's play. At last they reached the top of the ridge, and were about to turn at right angles to their former course and follow the ridge to the flank of the mountain whence it sprung, when Monny suddenly stopped and pointed to the top of a high cliff near the head of the next cañon. There were five tiny dots against the sky.

"Mount'n sheep!" whispered Monny. "I 'llow ez how a hunk o' cimarron meat wouldn't go so mighty bad, nuther. We'll go down into this nex' cañon 'n' foller up it to make a sneak on 'em."

So down over the sides of Dead Man's Cañon they went clambering—more cautiously now, both for fear of frightening the keen-eyed sheep, and because it was more dangerous climbing. Three prospectors had been killed here by Utes, years before, and hence the cañon took its uncanny name. It was much deeper and more precipitous than the one from which they had just emerged; and it was only by the utmost care and by many detours that they reached the bottom safely. It was a savage and forbidding gorge, four or five miles long, and hemmed by walls a thousand feet high which came closer and closer and became more and more beetling as they went on. The dry torrent bed at the bottom was choked with

enormous rocks — some round boulders, and some vast, flat slabs pried from the cliffs by the stealthy but persevering frosts of ages.

Monny was a couple of rods ahead, clambering over the boulders, when a wild shriek rang through the lonely cañon and multiplied from echoing cliff to cliff. He whirled in his tracks and looked backward — to a sight that made even his stout hunter's heart stand still. There, on a tiny patch of yellow sand, lay Jim, quite motionless, while above him towered a huge cinnamon bear, upreared on its haunches, its little black eyes twinkling devilishly. It was the largest bear the veteran hunter had ever seen in his twenty-five years among the Rockies — as big as a steer. From one gigantic fore-paw warm blood and brains were dripping. A great slab of stone leaned against the bank there, forming a sort of cave. The bear with the fearful cunning of his kind, had evidently waited there till they were past, and then rushing out had felled poor Jim with one swipe of that ponderous paw, crushing his skull like an egg-shell.

Monny threw "Old Surely" to a level. He dared not fire for the brain — the hunter's point always in a desperate case — for the bear was erect and the head held in such a way that a ball was more than apt to glance from the thick skull; the heart was his only chance, and at the heart he fired. Old Monny was a man who never missed a shot, and when they cut up the bear afterwards

there was a little hole through the very centre of the big heart. Had Monny's rifle been a "buffalo gun" — one of the ponderous old Sharpe's, throwing three hundred and fifty grains of lead, and never equalled for such work by any of the later and better-looking rifles — that would have been enough. But the little pea-bullet, while it would kill, could not give sufficient shock to cause instant death to anything of the wonderful vitality of the cinnamon bear. Monny knew it, and before the echoes of his shot had begun to die away he had rammed down the powder of the second charge and was starting the bullet, wrapped in its little greasy rag, down the long barrel. Then he started to run, ramming as he went. But it was slow running over that chaos of rocks, and behind him was a foe no man could outrun uphill. Just as the bullet reached "home," and he was pulling out the ramrod, a terrible blow on the left shoulder sent him sprawling upon the rocks, stunned and faint, with a hideous pain creeping through his body, while his rifle went clanking far out against the rocks. Before he could move the bear was upon him. Its eyes were glazing fast, and it could no longer stand, but with the death-rattle in its throat it lay across his body, crunching away at his right leg. Monny had drawn his heavy hunting knife and dug desperately at the shaggy side. But it was not needed. He felt a tremor run through the gigantic form, and an instant later the

bear lurched over sidewise, lifeless as the boulders around.

It chanced that a couple of prospectors came up the cañon that afternoon to trace a quartz "lead" one of them had discovered above. They found Jim dead and Monny lying unconscious under the dead bear, their mingled blood staining the rocks around. They made a rude litter of *piñon* boughs, and lifting Monny with gentle hands as women might, carried him down to Beaver Creek, whence they sent back men to bury Jim and skin the bear.

If you ever take the cross-country trail from Colorado Springs to Cañon City, and will explore the third cañon below the head of Beaver Creek, you will find a lonely little cabin standing out on a bare plateau of rock. In front of the door you may find an old man sunning himself, bent over a stout cane. Old Monny? Yes, it is Monny; but sadly changed. His left shoulder crushed and misshapen, his right leg only skin and bone from hip to ankle, and with knotty fractures twisting it in a dozen different directions — he looks little like the Monny of old days. Inside the cabin "Old Surely" hangs across a couple of pegs, and upon the floor is the skin — eleven feet seven inches from tip to tip — of the largest bear ever killed in Colorado.

THE GALLO RACE.

IN all the world of outdoor sports — civilized, semi-civilized, or savage — there is none more wildly exciting to participants and spectators alike, none which demands greater nerve, agility, endurance, and skill, and none more picturesque than the favorite holiday diversion of the Southwest, the Gallo Race, or “Running for the Chicken.” Our polo, noble a game as it is, is a very tame affair by comparison.

Gallo racing is as universal an institution with the Indian and Mexican population of New Mexico and Arizona as is baseball with the country at large. Other games are played and enjoyed, but the gallo race is king of all. Whenever the feast-day of some saint brings wholesale leisure to Mexican hamlet or Pueblo (Indian) town, there is pretty certain to be a gallo race ; and particularly upon the day of San Juan (June 24) there is not a village in either of the two Territories so weak in numbers or in spirit that it cannot muster the necessary horses, riders, and chickens.

The Indian game is so much more picturesque than the Mexican that I shall confine myself to

describing it. Not that the descendants of the Spanish heroes who were the first real pioneers of this new world are indifferent players by any means. The average Mexican youth, when in the saddle, is a serious opponent for any one in any test of skill. But the numbers engaged are generally much smaller, the surroundings less unique, the moral atmosphere less clear, and the appearance of the riders in ill-fitting American clothing far less striking. To see the game in all its glory we must go to one of the larger and more remote Pueblo towns — for instance, Acoma, in one of the western counties of New Mexico.

The quaint adobe city of Acoma stands on an island of solid rock, which rises five hundred feet sheer above the level valley. As outposts around it tower strange, lofty buttes and shafts of varicolored sandstone.

The starting-point of the race is a sand-hill at the very foot of the mesa, and thither the crowd begins to drift soon after noon. The edge of the cliff is lined with figures that look from below no bigger than squirrels, and the sand-hills freckle with brilliant spots, while the three hundred riders are dashing hither and yon, with wild zest, impatient for the sport to begin. The universal color intensifies the picturesqueness of the scene. Behind, the giant cliff, sombre with shade, but beaded at the top with human dots in red and white; the horses, ranging from bay to white, with many

beautiful pintos — there are few dark horses in the Acoma herds — with brilliant saddle-blankets and flashing silver bridles ; and the centaur-like riders with their rich maroon moccasins and leggings, snow-white *calzones* and shirts, and gay blankets of Navajo weaving ; the billowy sand-dunes caught between the outpost crags of rich-hued sandstone, and far out beyond, the broad, brown plain with sentinel rocks standing out here and there, clear across to the dark pines of the Black Mesa.

But now there is a sudden scurrying of scattered horsemen to our sand-hill, and at its foot they rein and wheel and fix their eyes on two old men who are plodding to a level spot at the foot of an out-lying butte. One carries a tough old rooster, its legs tied with a thong, but its mouth wide in protest. Kneeling on the white sand, they begin to dig vigorously with their hands, until they have pawed out a hole sufficient to receive the rooster. Here the vociferous bird is planted, and the sand is raked in upon it until only its head and a couple of inches of neck are left above ground. Having made sure that the *gallo* cannot break out from his prison, the old men step back and lean against the lofty rock. There is a moment of breathless expectancy ; and then the wrinkled *capitan* shouts “ *Tho-ko !* ” (go) in a voice that rolls from cliff to cliff.

There is a stir among the huddled horsemen ; and out springs a boy centaur, his eyes flashing,

his long jet hair streaming back upon the wind, as he drives the spurs against his deer-like pony, and comes flying down the course like an arrow from the bow, while the people cheer him on with their shrill "Hi! Ay!"

The pleated reins hang loose in his left hand, his body seems undulant as a snake, and his eye never leaves the tiny target. Faster he comes and faster, and just as he sweeps past on the left he swings over in the saddle with a superb swoop like a great hawk to clutch the rooster's head with his right hand. But the wary bird, seeming to grasp the situation, "ducks" like lightning, and he scoops up only a handful of sand in his mad flight. It is a full hundred yards ere he can rein in his excited horse.

But before he is ten yards past the rooster another horseman, noting his failure, is spurring forward, and comes with the rush of a whirlwind, riding as only an Indian *can* ride. He, too, swoops to catch that elusive head; but again the *gallo* dodges successfully; and again the rider "recovers" and comes loping back to the starting-point amid the good-natured laughter and raillery of the crowd.

And now comes another wild rider, clutching in vain as he thunders past; and now another, and another and another, until they are almost at each others' heels, and the four hundred yards of the course is one long string of galloping horses. And

here comes old Martin (pronounced Marteen), the long-time Governor of Acoma, on a fiery buckskin pony. Martin is close upon ninety, and fat great-grandchildren tweak his whitening hair at home ; but look how he sits in his saddle, and with what a supreme grace he swings over till his long hair almost sweeps the ground, his left foot up to the very saddle-bow, where his withered left hand clings, while the withered right, with fingers spread fork-like, follows an inch above the sand in line with that feathered neck. But the prize is not for Martin to-day ; and he swings back to his saddle empty-handed.

But now there is a shout that shakes the very cliffs, and see ! Yonder goes a tall, sinewy youth on a magnificent bay, waving above his head a red — why ! It's the *gallo* ! Without a break in that furious gallop he is off toward the plain, whooping defiance ; and with yells as wild, the others nearest are after him. The two hundred horsemen waiting at the goal for their turn leap forward as one, and down the narrow passage between the cliffs that mad chase sweeps like an avalanche of broken rainbows. Some spur down the road in direct pursuit ; and some, wheeling to right and left, dash out through other passes between the buttes to cut him off. He, with the prize — now no longer a living prize, of course — is well ahead, urging his horse to the utmost with cries and spurs, and blows of his feathered whip.

And now the pursued doubles on his pursuers nimbly as a rabbit, and comes flying back like a very demon, followed in an instant by the whole field. A few of the flanking parties are nearer the pass than he, and are straining every nerve to beat him there. His horse understands it all as perfectly as he, and seems as full of the wild spirit of the chase. His ears are laid flat, his nostrils are wide, his eyes aflame, as he swallows distance with mighty leaps into which his very life is concentrated. But they are closing in upon him. The first and second he avoids by incredible sidelong plunges which would unseat any other rider; but now the iron-gray is thundering along rib to rib with him, and its rider is leaning far across the other saddle to reach the coveted game. Whirling in his seat, Pedro is warding off the assailant with his left hand, while with the clubbed chicken in his right he rains down upon his rival's head and face and back such resounding thwacks that they above the cliff can hear them—and all the time the myriad tattoo of a thousand hoofs is roaring toward us. Hurrah! He has wrested loose! But now two more are upon him from the left, and another from the right, snatching, grappling, wrestling as they gallop, with white teeth laughing through blood-splashed bronze as Pedro swings his strange weapon-prize with an agility in eluding their hands and belaboring their persons that appears fairly superhuman. Every bone and mus-

cle of his athletic frame seems a sentient spring, which has no need to wait for word from the brain, but acts like lightning and always right, from some instinct of its own. Stagnant blood, indeed, that will not jump faster through tingling veins at such a sight. It is the most magnificent achievement of agile skill I have ever seen — and my opportunities have not been limited.

But Pedro is not the only perfect athlete here, and he is overmatched with numbers. Now a muscular rival catches the *gallo* by a flying leg. There is a mad wrench, as each sways back on his purchase; the stringy sinews yield, and Agostin breaks from the struggling mass — for there are now a score in the indiscriminate jostle — and is off with a yell to the right. Part of the chase goes sweeping after him, growing in numbers with each moment as the farther riders catch up with the delayed jam, and part crowd and wrestle in the crowd about Pedro. The dense jumble of man and horse sways to and fro with its own fierce efforts. Handfuls of feathers float high on the eddying air, and one may fairly see the collective steam arising from the hundreds of sweltering bodies. Now another leg, now a wing, now the other goes, and with each violent division of the dwindling prize the struggling mob splits into corresponding knots of contestants, or into pursuit of the escaping victors.

And here comes Pedro at last from the mêlée

empty-handed. His blanket is *somewhere*, his white embroidered shirt hangs in shreds, and body and face and arms are dripping with bloody sweat; but his face is luminous with joy. He made a gallant fight, and that is enough. Despite the fever-heat of his blood, there is not one bitter drop in it. I have never known a Pueblo Indian to lose his temper for an instant in that wild fight. He gives and takes like a man, strains every fibre of his being to win, but never thinks of harboring a vindictive thought. In that, as in endurance and skill, he is the model player. I am sorry that I cannot say as much for the Mexican *gallo*-racers. They seldom finish without bad blood, and frequently not without bloodshed.

For as high, sometimes, as four hours, the race goes on without visible token of diminished ardor. Up and down the broad plain, hither and yon through the rock-walled passes, up and over steep ridges of knee-deep sand, rider and horse, alike unrecognizable for foam and dust, keep their wild career. The matchless endurance of these Indian ponies is not more astounding than the tirelessness of their riders. By now there are a dozen different parties in hot pursuit of as many bearers of the torn remnants of the *gallo*, or struggling groups whose common centre is the piecemeal prize.

It is not till the ruddy sun rests upon the far ridge of the Black Mesa that the weary band come

straggling back to the goal; and turning their lathered horses over to the herders, begin with the homing spectators that long, breathless scramble up the bluff sand-hill and the dizzy stone ladder to their peaceful city in the sky, where the heroes of the day are rewarded with a hail of cakes and sweets and other gifts, showered upon them by proud maids and matrons from a hundred level housetops.

ON THE PAY-STREAK.

RODOLFO was kneeling beside the door of a little *jacal*, on the western slope of the San Ysidro Mountains, pounding soap. That may seem a curious occupation, but here in New Mexico nine-tenths of the people have to pound their soap—the fat root of the *palmilla* (a sort of aloe), whose fibrous substance they crush to pulp for use in tub or basin. This curious natural soap is called *amole*, and an excellent article it is. The poor little *jacal*—a roofed palisade of *piñon* trunks, chinked and covered with adobe mud—looked as if it were like to contain very little worthy of washing. But the *amole*, and a huge copper cauldron simmering over a fire of chips, indicated plainly that there was something to be scrubbed.

Just then a brown, thin-faced woman stood in the low doorway, holding in her arms a curious, brilliant roll like a blanket. Strangely enough, the most beautiful and the most durable blankets in the world are made, not in civilized looms, but by half-savage Indians, with no better appliances than a rude combination of sticks and cords suspended from the branch of a tree. This one was

of the best Navajo make—a blanket of crimson *bolleta*, with blue and white lightnings playing across it; a blanket which it required a solid twelve-month to weave, and in which one could carry water as in a bag of rubber.

“Is the *amole* ready?” asked Maria. “*Ay de mi!*”¹ My heart is heavy for the *serape*² that Don Francisco gave to thy father. That only we have saved when all was lost, and now it, too, has to be sold. Last year the Governor in Santa Fé offered one hundred and fifty *pesos*³ for it, and now, when it is washed, thou shalt take it thither to see if he still will buy. *Lastima!* It is the last we have of thy father, and—*Ay?* *Que tienes?*”⁴

For Rodolfo had jumped to his feet with a loud cry. “*Mira, Nana!*”⁵ he said, laying something in her palm. It was a wee, yellow scale, not so broad as Rodolfo’s little finger-nail, nor quite so thick. But how heavy it was! And what a color—that exquisite waxy lustre of the gold of the New Placers.

“*Oro grande!*”⁶ cried Maria, her big, tired eyes lighting up. “Where didst thou find it?”

“Pounding this last big piece of *amole*, Nana, I found it in an elbow of the root. ‘*Sperate*, till I pan the dirt; perhaps there is more.”

In a moment he was out of the house again, with a big wooden bowl. Carefully scooping up the

¹ Alas!³ dollars.⁵ Look, mother!² blanket.⁴ What hast thou?⁶ Coarse gold.

few handfuls of sandy earth, fallen from the pile of roots, he put it in the bowl, and poured on water from an *olla* (earthen jar) till the bowl was nearly full. Grasping it by the edges, he gave it a slow, tilting, rotatory motion. Directly the water began to run round and round in a miniature whirlpool, and the sand began to follow its current slowly. Now and then Rodolfo stopped to run his hands through the sand and loosen it up, and again set it to revolving — for he had learned to pan out gold as well as any one when he and his father used to work side by side in the *placers* at Dolores. Now the poor old man — never fully recovered from that last awful wound received in a fight with the Apaches — was dead, and they were very poor. There was no more money to be made in the *placers*, for it was too expensive to haul water for washing that washed-out gravel; and the beautiful *serape* must be sold, or their poor little home would be taken from them.

When the sand was thoroughly wet up, Rodolfo began to give the bowl a stronger motion sidewise, till it seemed as though he would spill the whole contents. A lot of water and sand splashed out from side to side, till presently there was left but a handful in the bottom of the bowl. As he kept rotating it more slowly and gently, this drew out in a thin semi-circle at the bottom of the bowl, as far from the centre as it could get — a sandy procession in which the usual parade order of the dig-

nitaries was quite reversed; for ahead of all was the worthless, unstable, reddish sand; at its heels the black iron dust, which always is found in very rich company, and lagging at the rear of all came a few wee, yellow flecks no bigger than a pinhead.

“*Pero!*” cried Rodolfo to his mother, who was kneeling beside him, “it is very rich! There will be *cuatro reales* [fifty cents] from so little dirt!”

Now he was holding the bowl so tilted that the water had all run slowly out; and the “procession,” trying to follow it, was headed down to the very edge, where some of the foremost sand fell off. Dipping his hand in the *olla*, Rodolfo dropped a very little water upon the sand, to accelerate its exit. Then he tipped the bowl back to a level, and poured in a fresh dipper of water. A little more gentle rotating, and the procession was formed again, smaller than before, but in the same order. Again he ran off the foremost sand, and so over and over, working more daintily all the time, till not a bit of sand was left, and but little of the iron dust. Only a short, black patch of the latter remained, guarding the precious yellow at its back, from the impalpable golden “flour” that was nearest, and even mingled with it, back to fat little flakes.

His mother had brought out a small bottle: and, pushing out all the black dust he could with a deft forefinger, he tipped the edge of the bowl

to the bottle's mouth, and, with a tiny stream from his fingers, coaxed the gold slowly into its new home.

"*Que rico!*"¹ cried Rodolfo, holding the bottle away from him with a critical closing of one eye. "It is a better prospect than ever I have seen in the New Placers. Such dirt ought to pay five *pesos* the day, or more, if one can find the pay-streak. And I know just where I dug the biggest *palmilla*, for I noticed it had so fat a root, and there I am going this very now. Perchance thou wilt not have to sell the *serape*, Nanita. Only wait me, till I see if we do not find much gold!"

For six days the old *jacal* saw very little of Rodolfo. Exactly where he had pried out the root of the big *palmilla* was now a square hole nearly four feet across and eighteen feet deep. It was on the bank of the little dry stream-bed at the bottom of the big arroyo. At each side of the shaft a stout young *piñon* trunk, with a fork at the top, was driven firmly into the ground; and across these two forks lay his primitive windlass, another *piñon* trunk with a stout oblique branch left at one end for a crank. A strong rope was on the windlass, and at its lower end dangled a stout rung, to be passed through the handles of the curious bucket-gripsack of rawhide. Thus far he had worked alone, and very tiresome work it was, loos-

¹ How rich!

ening with his pick that jumble of gravel and rocks, which the swift turbulence of summer torrents had packed and repacked in the narrow gorge, and lifting it out by the bucketful. As the hole grew deeper, he had to swing down by his rope, fill the rawhide sack with gravel, climb the rope again hand over hand, and laboriously windlass the heavy load to the surface and empty it upon the dump. And now the bottom of the shaft was at bed-rock — the smoothish, sloping blanket of porphyry, coated with a peculiar gray cement, which underlies all that great plateau. Soon he would know if all that digging and hoisting had been in vain. As he started for home that evening his tattered coat pulled heavy on blistered hands, for in it he was carrying a load of the very last gravel, which he had carefully brushed up from the bed-rock. There was no water in the arroyo, and to pan his dirt he must carry it home, or bring water two miles to the shaft.

“*Ya se acabó!*” (“Now it’s done!”) he cried gayly to his mother, dropping the heavy load from his aching shoulders. “And to-morrow I begin to drift for the pay-streak. But now I will pan this dirt before the sun goes and see if it be good.”

Five times he panned out the bowl half full of that shabby-looking gravel, and each time the tiny patch of wet gold-dust which he pushed out upon a smooth stone was swelled a little. And in the

last pan was a small, water-worn lump, which came very near escaping with the first coarse pebbles — a nugget of fully two dollars, at which the tired mother wept for joy, while Rodolfo danced about her, crying : —

“*Ay, Nana!* Already there is like four *pesos*. Very soon we will be rich ones !”

The sun was not nearly up the farther side of the Oroqué Peaks on the morrow when Rodolfo and his mother were trudging away toward the arroyo, driving ahead a patient burro borrowed from Cousin Pablo. Poor Flojo had a very uncomfortable load ; for two big kegs of water were balanced in opposite ends of a wool sack across the queer little pack-saddle, and bumped his either side. Rodolfo carried on his head a rude “rocker,” hastily made from a box, and in his hands a heavy, double-pointed steel bar. His mother brought the wooden bowl, and on her head a large *olla* full of water was confidently poised. The time had come when both must work, and little Chona would have to care for the younger babies at home through the day.

In the earth near his shaft Rodolfo had dug a basin five feet long and three wide, and lined it with tight-packed clay so that the precious water might not be wasted. At the upper end was laid a big flat slab of sandstone from the ledge in the side of the arroyo ; and on this “foundation” he set his rocker. It was merely a stout

box with one end knocked out, two rude wooden rockers like those of an old-fashioned wooden cradle under it, a strong handle nailed to one side, and fitting into its top a small square box with a bottom of coarse wire screen. Under this screen was a canvas apron nailed to a frame and sloping backward. The rocker itself pitched forward, and across its sloping bottom were nailed cleats a few inches apart.

Flojo was soon relieved and turned out to graze, his fore-feet hobbled with little rawhide handcuffs, that he might not stray too far. The rocker was set up ready for work, and beside it a keg of water, with a gourd dipper.

Dropping his heavy bar down the shaft—for the pick would be of no use in the close quarters in which he was now to work—and tossing after it a tin basin which would be handier than a shovel, Rodolfo grasped the rope and slid lightly down.

Taking the steel bar in both hands, he began to jab it against the close-packed gravel on the upstream side of the shaft. Prying out first the bigger stones and then the coarse gravel, he soon had started a tiny tunnel some three feet in diameter. As fast as he filled the rawhide bucket he dragged it out to the centre of the shaft and passed the cross-stick on the rope through the raw-hide handles; and his mother—inured to the hard work of the frontier—windlassed it to

the surface. The rocks she threw away out in the stream-bed, but the gravel was carefully emptied upon a clean, hard spot beside the rocker, where it grew apace.

When it was noon by the overhead sun, Rodolfo came up on the rope, and they ate their scant dinner of *tortillas* (cakes of unleavened dough cooked on a hot, flat stone) and water. There was half a yard of gravel beside the rocker.¹ Truly they had worked very well. But were they on the pay-streak? That was what Rodolfo was very anxious to know—for the gold that comes swirling down the stream from the mother veins in the mountains acts precisely as it acted in Rodolfo's wooden bowl. It is not distributed at random throughout that vast volume of accompanying rocks and sand, but trails along in reluctant file in the line of the strongest current; and being heavier according to its bulk than any of its companions, it keeps sinking down and down till the great sheet of bed-rock will let it sift no deeper. And when the rains are over and the raging torrent becomes but a dry wash of sand and boulders—for there are very few perennial streams in the gold regions of the Southwest—the cunning yellow fugitives lie still there, never to change places until some great freshet shall scour the bed-rock bare, or some prying hand find

¹ Auriferous gravel averages about a ton to the cubic yard, and "a yard of gravel" is a good day's work for one person.

out their hiding. So, even if the miner drop his shaft squarely upon the pay-streak, he does not know which way to follow it, but must be panning out sample gravel every little while, and running his drift to one side or the other, according to what the pan tells him.

Rodolfo could scarcely wait to swallow the last of his tough *tortilla*. Washing it down with a hasty pull from the keg, he shovelled the screen-box full of gravel; and taking the upright handle with both hands, began to sway the heavy rocker from side to side, while his mother poured on water from the gourd. The fine sand rapidly melted down through the screen, and went jolting down the canvas apron to the back end of the rocker, where it fell to the wooden bottom, turned, and began to wander forward to the open front end. When the screen was washed clear of sand, Maria lifted it out, clawed over the glistening pebbles to make sure that there were no coarse nuggets among them, and flung them out, filling the screen with fresh gravel and wetting it down as before, while Rodolfo kept on rocking. Time and again the screen was emptied and refilled; and all the while the rocking and the pouring on of water continued. The sloping bottom of the rocker was full of sand—at the lower end an inch deep—and this sheet of sand, shaken by the motion and coaxed on by the water, kept creeping over the last riffle-cleat, and falling into the clay-lined reservoir,

from which Maria was now dipping back the water instead of from the nearly empty keg.

The afternoon shadows were deep in the round hollows of the mighty Sandias when Rodolfo rose from beside the rocker, emptied the screen, and straightened his stiff legs.

"Now for a clean-up, Nana!" he said. She poured in a gentle stream upon the apron while he rocked; and, as there was now no new sand rolling down, that on the apron and on the bottom of the rocker began to work rapidly forward, and in a few minutes there remained only a little sand caught in the angle behind each riffle. Rodolfo whittled out a smooth, thin stick with a square end, and carefully scooped the wet sand into his bowl, scraping out every grain from the cracks, and proceeded to pan it out. But now instead of a few handfuls of random dirt, the bowl held the concentrated richness of half a ton of gravel from bed-rock. That was the beauty of the rocker; it would have taken four times as long to "work" that pile of gravel with the pan; the rocker did the heavy work in short order, and left only the finishing touches for the pan.

And now, when Rodolfo had got rid of most of the sand, and began to "draw" what was left at the bottom of the bowl, there was a sight for four dark, glistening eyes. As the unstable sand drifted forward and forward, it uncovered more and more of a rich, deliberate rank of yellow,

till Rodolfo's trembling fingers scarce could hold up that precious pan from spilling, and excited tears ran down Maria's thin cheeks. When at last he had guided the gold safely into the bottle, he laid his face to hers and said in a voice which was tremulous but strangely sweet:—

“It is well, Nana! The Governor cannot have the *serape* that was my father's. And now let us go home.”

The days went on, and the yellow dust in the bottle had grown half-way to the top. Here and there in it were little, rounded nuggets and waxy flakes, which Rodolfo loved to shake up. There was a whole sack of flour now in the *jacal*, and a bushel of *frijoles*.¹ Every day Flojo—who had been bought with one fat nugget—“packed” his load of water to the arroyo; and every day Rodolfo and his mother worked on the gravel he sent up. His drift now ran thirty feet out from the bottom of the shaft—a narrow, dark, crooked burrow, at whose farther end he lay upon his side, and pecked away with his bar by a candle's stingy light. Some days he lost the pay-streak, and the panning-out at evening was very light; but soon he found it again, and all was well. And every day the bottle grew heavier and brighter, till it was like a bar of lead to lift.

One morning as Rodolfo was working in his

¹ Mexican beans.

drift there came a sudden dull, low rumble, and loosened pebbles fell upon him. Filled with a nameless dread, he crawled out toward the shaft, but no faint ray of daylight came to meet him at the corner. The great boulder under which he had dug five feet from the entrance of the drift, had fallen in! He had undermined it more than one should in following the pay-streak under it. And now it had crushed out its gravel supports, and had fallen and closed his burrow. He was buried alive! With trembling fingers he felt across its cold, smooth surface. Another boulder had followed it from above and filled its place so that he could not dig out above it—and to try would cause a cave-in that would crush him.

Thought chased thought in strange procession through his brain. Buried alive under eighteen feet of earth and stone—his mother so near as that, but never to see him again—his poor mother! And just as they were getting the dear gold that would make them all so happy!

But in the veins of this slender, dark-faced boy ran blood of that old blue of Spain that conquered and opened this New World to the Old. He would not die like a coward; he would try!

He crawled back and got his bar and candle, and brought them to the boulder door of his prison and began to try the surrounding earth with cautious punchings. But the fall of the great rock had so loosened all the soil that it was sure to cave

as soon as he should attempt to dig through it. In his desperation he even tried if he could not pry the great rock forward, and in time clear out into the shaft; but a dozen men could scarce have budged that ton of porphyry.

Still he thrust his steel lever into the earth at either side and shoved on the boulder; and suddenly the bar "gave" downward, as if he had driven it a foot into the solid bed-rock. Startled and mystified, he began to probe the yielding spot, and in a moment gave a great cry of newborn hope. How strange the chance upon which a life may hang! In all the thirty feet of bed-rock he had cleaned up, there was not a hollow; but right here, its edge an inch from where he had dug, was a pocket of unknown size. Some boulder, caught in the eddies of forgotten centuries, had rolled round and round in this one spot till it ground for itself a basin in the stubborn bed-rock. The grinding rock was there now — he could feel with his bar its rounded side amid the fine sand with which the hole had filled before the stream built that torrent-pile above and lifted its own bed by nearly twenty feet. The pot-hole lay partly under one end of the fallen boulder, so that he could dig in it without danger of a serious cave-in. If it was deep enough and wide enough!

He drove the bar fiercely into the hard gravel, he pried away the stones and scooped out the sand with fingers that bled to their ungentle touch. In

a moment he had cleared a place large enough to let him at the buried pot-hole. Laying aside the heavy bar, he began to claw out the sand with frantic hands and throw it back between his legs, like a rabbit burrowing. Now and then a loosened stone from the roof gave him a cruel pelt on head or back; but he hardly noticed it. The candle was burning very faintly now, and his breath grew short and thick. The scant air of his prison was fast becoming a deadly poison. Even if the pot-hole were big enough, could he keep breath to burrow through? He was down in the pot-hole now, right under the fallen boulder. The round stone which had worn that blessed pit was too heavy to be lifted out, but he had half a yard between it and the boulder above, and that was room enough.

At last his hand burrowing forward, came to a polished concave surface. It was the farther side of the pot-hole! He scooped away the sand with feverish energy, until he could feel all along that strange bowl-like wall; and in an agony of doubt lifted his hands to see what was above. They touched something hard and smooth and convex, and he shrieked aloud. It was the great boulder—it covered the farther side of the great pot-hole, and he would never get out! But no! It is a smaller rock—and there is another wedged beside it, and another! The pot-hole opens out beyond the prison boulder!

He crawled back for his bar, but it was too long to be turned up in that passage under the great rock. His strength was almost gone. His head swam, and a strange whir was in his ears. To die after all, with dear life so near! He caught up a smooth stone that had fallen in the drift, and lying upon his back in the pot-hole began to hammer desperately overhead, cracking off rocky splinters that filled his eyes, crushing his fingers blindly, working stupidly as one half asleep.

And then a round stone as big as his head fell and barely missed his face, and that let loose another, and there came a shower of sand, and that sweetest thing in all the world, the fresh air of heaven — and Rodolfo knew no more.

"Pero! What keeps Rodolfo so long?" muttered Maria anxiously, "for I was at home much time, and not yet has he filled the bucket to send up. Rodolfo! Little son!" And she leaned over the shaft, calling shrilly again and again.

"May the Holiest Mother help me," she murmured, catching the rope and shivering, "for it is very deep. But I must see what has come to my boy." And sliding down the harsh rope, with burned and failing fingers, she fell in a heap to the bottom.

When Rodolfo opened his eyes the little hole above his face had grown larger, and slender, bleeding fingers were tearing at its rough sides. Faintly at first, but with growing strength, he

hammered with his stone from within, until at last he squeezed through the narrow opening and crawled with his fainting mother to daylight at the bottom of the shaft.

It was late at night when the boy was strong enough to climb the rope and windlass his mother up, and for many days both lay helpless and fevered in the little *jacal*, cared for by kindly neighbors from Dolores.

But both got well at last, and Rodolfo went back to work in his *placer* claim, which quite filled the bottle, and many others like it in course of time. But that blessed pot-hole which had saved his life was what really made him a rich man for that poor country. It had been a lively miser in its day, and when he cleaned it out, well knowing that such a pit in the very path of the pay-streak was the best of all traps to catch the vagrant gold, he washed out in one day from the gravel in its bowl-like bottom so many hundreds of dollars' worth of yellow dust and fat nuggets, that he never dared tell how much there was, and I doubt if any one knows to this day.

THE MIRACLE OF SAN FELIPE.

I HOPE some day to see a real history of the United States; a history not written in a closet, from other one-sided affairs, but based on a knowledge of the breadth of our history, and a disposition to do it justice; a book which will realize that the early history of this wonderful country is not limited to a narrow strip on the Atlantic seaboard, but that it began in the great Southwest; and that before the oldest of the Pilgrim Fathers had been born swarthy Spanish heroes were colonizing what is now the United States; in their little corner of which they suffered for three hundred and fifty years such awful dangers and hardships as our Saxon forefathers did not dream of. I hope to see such a history, which will do justice to perhaps the most wonderful pioneers the world has ever produced; but it has not come yet. Why, there is not even one history which gives the correct date of the founding of Santa Fé, which was a Spanish city more than a decade before the landing at Plymouth Rock!

When that ideal history is written you will find thrilling matter in the story of New Mexico for



RUINS OF OLD CONVENT AT SAN ILDEFONSO.

more than three centuries, and particularly in the bloody years from 1680 to 1700. The Pueblo Indians — those gentle, industrious house-dwellers who remain with us to this day, the most wonderful aboriginal race on earth — had received the white strangers hospitably, had been their friends against the savage tribes, and patiently had shouldered their intrusions for a century and a half. But in 1680 they rose in red rebellion, and swept the mailed invaders away before them. Ah, what years those were; of whose lightning flashes of revolt, followed by sullen peace, and then another thunderclap, the great outside world has never half known; of whose most hideous tragedies, of whose sublimest heroisms, we have record only in here and there a bare, unbraggart line, scant as the rude cross which marks the last of a great life!

1680

After the long and wonderful war — wonderful not for numbers of men and oceans of spilt blood, but for the achievements of a tiny army — in which Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Luzan reconquered the awful wilderness of New Mexico, the hardy Spanish settlers enjoyed nearly two years of peace. Their quaint little colony at Santa Fé, with its ironclad soldiers clanking through the warped streets, was beginning to feel secure. So were the heroic priests who had taken their lives in their hands and settled themselves alone in the Pueblo towns to convert the suspicious natives to

Christianity. But in 1696 fresh calamities arose. Fray Antonio Farfan had brought seven hundred fanegas (about seventy thousand pounds) of corn for the support of the garrison and the people; but it was misappropriated, and trouble ensued. In the summer of 1695 there had been an accident in the great pueblo of Pecos. Fray Diego Zeinos, while handling a gun, had the misfortune to kill an Indian. He was in no wise to blame, and the Indians themselves petitioned that he be not punished. But the Spanish authorities did punish him; and a great deal of bad feeling was thereby stirred up among the Indians.

1696
But the chief source of trouble came from the founding of the Spanish settlement of Santa Cruz de la Cañada (where the pueblo of Santa Cruz still stands), in May, 1695. The Tanos Pueblos, who harassed the Spanish settlers in the matter of their lands, were the real instigators of the outbreak, which was, at best, one of the most cruel, needless, and unexcused revolts ever known. Fourteen Pueblo towns joined in a rebellion which broke June 4, 1696. It was a dreadful day. Brave Fray Francisco de Jesus Maria, who had gone far back into the inhospitable mountains to carry the Gospel to the Indians of Jemez, was clubbed to death by his flock. At San Cristobal, near Santa Cruz, the people slew their gentle missionary, Fray José de Arvisu, and in pretty San Ildefonso the Pueblos fired the little convent which

had been erected, and the three priests, Fray Francisco Corbera, Fray Antonio Carboneli, and Fray Antonio Moreno, perished in the fire. Besides these five priests, thirty-four other Spaniards were slain on that bitter day.

So much is real history. Now for an interesting story of that red 4th of June which does not appear in any history, nor in any ancient record, but is sacredly preserved and devoutly believed by the Indians of San Felipe — a legend which they have handed down from father to son for nearly two hundred years. San Felipe is a pretty little pueblo forty odd miles south of Santa Fé. In front the hurrying current of the Rio Grande — “the fierce river of the North” — washes it; behind, it is crowded by the gloomy volcanic walls of the Black Mesa. Up and down the river stretch broad fields of corn and wheat and rustling orchards, to quench whose summer thirst roily little *acequias* come singing as they run. Atop the frowning tableland the gray ruins of the ancient stone church look wistfully down upon the pretty scene, and upon its adobe successor, radiant with whitewash, and consequential with *balcon* and quaint belfries.

The most interesting man in San Felipe is Teodosio Duran, the old ex-governor — for each Pueblo town is a republic by itself, electing its governor, sheriff, councillors, and other officers by ballot annually. Teodosio is about sixty-four years old,

I should say — he does not know — dark, short, thin, and an epitome of wrinkles and legends. And this is the story of the miracle of San Felipe, as he tells it in excellent Spanish: —

“At the first conquest the Spanish brought with them many padres (priests), who went out to all the pueblos. Many died and many were killed, and at last came the great rebellion [1680]. When the Spanish made the second conquest they found but two priests left. One of these went very far away, — *quizá* to Moqui, — but the other made a church in Cochiti and stayed there. [The truth is, they found *no* survivors, though there is an unconfirmed Spanish story that one priest was left alive at Moqui.] The Indians of the Northern pueblos were very much enemies of the Spanish, and most of all the people of Cochiti, San Ildefonso, and Santo Domingo were angry with them. In a little while the *principales* of those pueblos held a *junta* in Cochiti, and made it up to kill the padre and drive out the Spanish. The sacristan of Cochiti was a good Christian, and when he heard this he went running by night to the convent and told the padre: ‘Padre, I am your friend. They are making to kill you, but I will save you if I can. But you must go immediately. I will go with you as far as I can and get home before day, for they will kill me if they know.’

“So the sacristan carried the padre across the river on his back, and then they took the *camino*

real (highway) past Santo Domingo, and where Algodones now is. Here the sacristan said: 'I go no further. This is the road, and you must save yourself.' It was already near day, and the padre saw he must hide. There was a little island on the river with cottonwoods very thick on it, and he went to hide there until another night.

"Now, by the grace of God, on that very day the pueblo of San Felipe was to make a great hunt; and already before the sun had come the sentinels were going to all the high places to watch for game, and one was on the top of the mesa just below that island. When it grew more day, he saw something black moving among the cottonwoods, and thought, 'Good luck! For already I see a bear!' but in truth it was the padre getting a drink. The sentinel made his hunt signal, and in a very little all the hunters were around the island. When they found it was no bear, but the padre from Cochiti, they were astonished, but he told them all that had happened. Then at once the *principales* held council on the island; and when all had spoken, they said, 'We will save him and take him to our pueblo.' Then they took off his black robes and put upon him the shirt and *calzoncillos* and moccasins of one of the Indians, and painted his face and hands. But when they were coming to the town they met many of the Cochiteños hunting for him and asking, 'Have you met the priest?' They said 'No, we have

not met him'; but even then one of the Cochiteños recognized him in his paint, and they demanded him with injurious words. Refusing, there was a great fight, which lasted even to the pueblo, but they of San Felipe came safely inside with the padre. Then the Cochiteños went away for help, and next day came again with many more of their own pueblo and of Santo Domingo, surrounding the town and wounding some. So, as the enemy were many, the people of San Felipe retreated to the top of the mesa, and made a fort there. The others besieged them for many days, and soon the water and the food which they had carried up with them began to be very little; and then the water was all gone. And when they knew no more how to live without water, the old men made a *junta* and brought the padre to it. When he had heard all, he hunted for paper; and at last he found a very little piece in his wallet. Upon this he made a writing with charcoal, and told the sacristan to put the paper in a certain spot, with the writing upward, and stones on it that it might not blow away. Then he made prayer for three days, night and day; and afterward sent the sacristan to bring the paper again. And in truth there was now also a writing on the other side. Who wrote it? *Quien sabe?* But we think the saints. When he had read the new writing, he told the sacristan to bring him a piece of topaz (volcanic glass), and this he broke upon

a rock till it was sharp like a knife. And when the people had brought all their *tinajas* and gourds, he made his arm bare and cut it with the stone knife, and held it stretched out; and from the wound ran streams of water, the same as a clear river, and filled all the vessels. When all were full it ceased to run; and all the people fell down and gave thanks to God. A great while the enemy remained, but always when the water jars were empty, the padre filled them again with pure water from his arm, till at last the Cochiteños were tired and went away. Then the people came down again to the pueblo, taking the padre in great honor, and they were in peace, for after that there was no more war. But to this day we make a sacred *fiesta* for the Day of the Padre; and God has been very good to us for that, more than to any of the pueblos that killed their priests. No, we do not know his name. It is very long ago, and that has been lost."

I was very much interested in Teodosio's story, and my search to discover how much of it is true, aside from the palpable superstition of the miracle, has not been entirely vain. The name of the good priest was Fray Alonzo Ximenes de Cisneros. Some interesting letters written by him are still in existence. He was stationed at Cochiti, and did escape thence by the help of the sacristan, on the eve of the uprising. The people of San Felipe did receive him and protect him with a self-sacri-

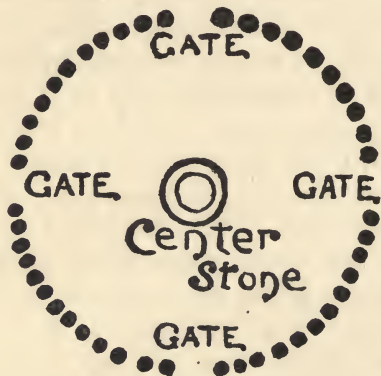
ficing loyalty really remarkable when we consider their surroundings and the risks they took. So far as the account of the siege goes, there is no historical evidence to corroborate it. There were some skirmishes over the matter, but nothing more serious so far as we can learn from authentic sources. But of this at least we may be sure: That the kindly Pueblos of San Felipe saved Fray Cisneros from a fearful death, with great danger to themselves, and that they devoutly and reverently celebrate still the anniversary of the day on which, according to their legend, he saved San Felipe.

A NEW OLD GAME.

THE game of which I am going to tell you was played by thousands of young Americans for unknown centuries before Columbus opened the doors of the New World to us who usurp exclusive right to the title of Americans; and it is played by thousands of them still. Yet of all who will read these pages, I am sure there will not be a half a dozen who ever played the game, and perhaps not a single one; and very few who ever even saw it. It certainly was never played in any parlor in the world; and yet it can very easily be made an indoor game, as you shall see. It is a common heritage of all the Indian tribes of the great Southwest, though its name varies with the tribe. The Teewah branch of the Pueblo Indians—with whom I live—call it *pa-tol*.¹ Boys and gray-haired men play it with equal zest; and of a summer's evening, when work in the fields is done, I seldom stroll through the village without finding knots of old and young squatted in convenient corners at the most popular of all their sedentary games.

¹ Accent on the last syllable.

There is nothing complicated about the preparation of a pa-tol set. The boys gather forty smooth stones the size of their fist, and arrange them in a circle about three feet in diameter. Between every tenth and eleventh stone is a gate of four or five inches. These gates are called *p'áy-hlah* — “rivers.” In the centre of the circle (*pa-tól náht-heh*, “pa-tol house”) is placed a larger cobble-



THE PA-TOL HOUSE.

stone, smooth and approximately flat on top, called *hyee-ok-tee-áy*. There is your pa-tol ground.

The pa-tol sticks, which are the most important part of the paraphernalia, are three in number. Sometimes they are made by splitting from dry branches, and sometimes by whittling from a solid block. The chief essential is that the wood be firm and hard. These sticks are four to five

inches long, about an inch wide, and a quarter of an inch thick; and must have their sides flat, so that the three may be clasped together very much as one holds a pen, but more nearly perpendicular, with the thumb and first three fingers of the right hand. Each stick is plain on one side and marked on the other, generally with diagonal notches, as shown in the illustration.

The only other requisite is a *kah-nid-deh* (horse) for each player, of whom there may be as many as can seat themselves around the pa-tol house. The "horse" is merely a twig or stick, used as a marker.

When the players have seated themselves, the first takes the pa-tol sticks tightly in his right hand, lifts them about as high as his chin, and, bringing them down with a smart, vertical thrust, as if to harpoon the centre stone, lets go of them when they are within some six inches of it. The three sticks strike the stone as one, hitting on their ends squarely, and rebounding several inches, fall back into the circle. The manner in which they fall decides the "denomination" of the throw, and the different values are shown in diagram No. 2. Although at first flush this might seem to make it a game of chance, nothing could be farther from the truth. Indeed, no really aboriginal game is a true game of chance — the invention of that dangerous and delusive plaything was reserved for civilized ingenuity. An expert pa-tol player will

throw the number he desires with almost unfailing certainty by his arrangement of the sticks in



2



3



5



10



15

THE VALUE OF THROWS IN
THE ORDINARY GAME.

his hand and the manner and force with which he strikes them down. It is a dexterity which any one may acquire by sufficient practice and only thus. The five-throw is deemed very much the hardest of all, and I have certainly found it so. It is to this opportunity for skill in throwing that the interest of the game and its value are due.

According to the number of his throw the player moves his marker an equal number of stones ahead on the circle, using one of the "rivers" as a starting-point. If the throw is five, for instance, he lays his "horse" between the fourth and fifth stones, and hands the pa-tol sticks to the next man. If his throw be ten, however—as the first man's

first throw is very certain to be—it lands his "horse" in the second "river," and he has another throw.

The second man may make his starting-point the same or another "river," and may elect to run his "horse" around the circle in the same direction that the first is going, or in the opposite. If in the same direction, he will do his best to make a throw which will bring his "horse" into the same notch as that of the first man — in which case the first man is "killed," and has to take his "horse" back to his starting-point to try over again when he gets another turn. In case the second man starts in the opposite direction — which he will not do unless an expert player — he has to calculate with a good deal of skill for the meeting, to "kill," and to avoid being "killed" by No. 1. When he starts in the same direction as No. 1, he is behind and runs no chance of being "killed," while he has just as good a chance to kill. But if, even then, a high throw carries him ahead of the first man — for "jumping" does not count either way, the only "killing" being when two "horses" come in the same notch — his rear is in danger, and he will try to run on out of the way of his pursuer as fast as possible.

The more players, the more complicated the game, for each "horse" is threatened alike by foes that chase from behind and charge from before, and the most skilful player is liable to be sent back to the starting-point several times before the game is finished, which is as soon as one "horse" has made the complete circuit.

Sometimes the players — when very young or unskilled — agree that there shall be no “killing,” but unless there is an explicit arrangement to that effect, “killing” is understood, and it adds greatly to the interest of the game.

There is also another variation of the game — a rare one, however. In case the players agree to



When the three sticks fall thus, the throw — 2.



When the three sticks fall thus, the throw — 3.



When the three sticks fall thus, the throw — 5.



When the sticks five fall thus, the throw — 10.

VALUE OF THE THROWS IN THE 15-GAME.

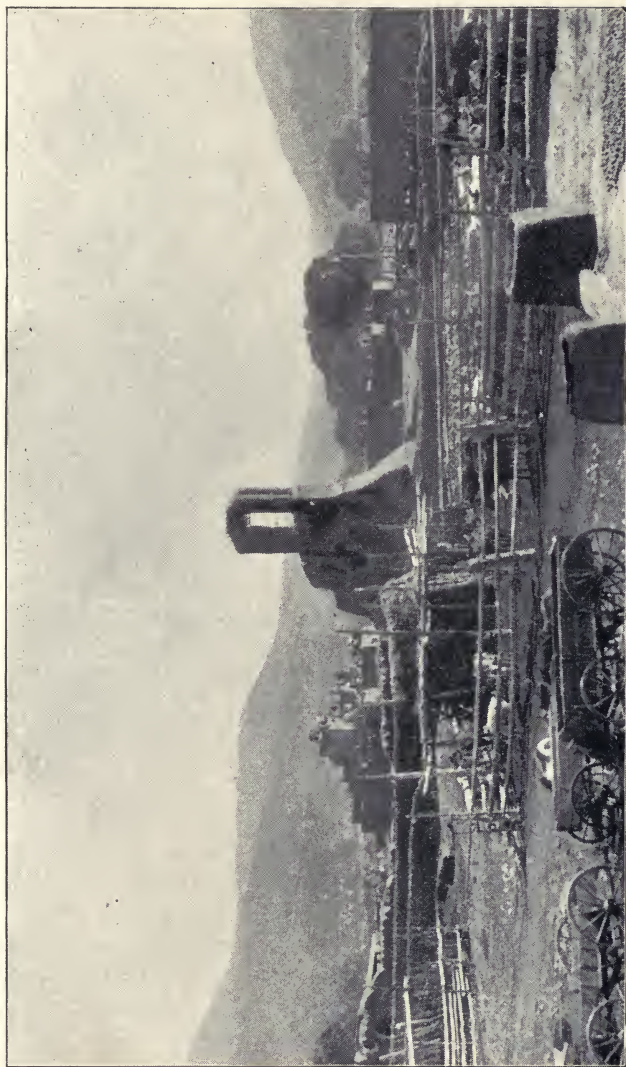
throw fifteens, all the pa-tol sticks are made the same, except that one has an extra notch to distinguish it from the others. Then the throws are as shown in diagram 3. The ten-game, however,

seems to me the more satisfactory, and so the Indians themselves regard it.

The adaptation of pa-tol for a parlor game is very simple indeed. The circle or pa-tol house may be made by painting on a board, or table, or table cover, an eighteen or twenty-four inch circle, with the four equi-distant gates and forty marks of any sort for the stones. The centre stone should be a real stone, however, as nothing else gives so good a rebound. It need be neither large nor heavy, so it is smooth and rather flat. It may be an ornamental block of marble, or a pretty, water-worn stone the size and shape of a Boston cracker. The markers and pa-tol sticks may be as elaborate and ornamental as desired. Pa-tol is an interesting game, and in these days when our old games are somewhat threadbare, and good new ones are not too common, we may be glad to learn this new old one from the curious people who invented it before the European half of the world dreamed of the existence of the American half.

A NEW MEXICAN HERO.

WHEN I look back over the strange career of my brave old Spanish friend, Colonel Manuel Chaves, whose weary remnant of a body was laid to rest under the shadow of the noblest mountain in western New Mexico, two years ago, the exploits of many heroes who were handier to the Fame-maker seem a trifle tame. Known and loved by all long residents of the bare, brown Territory whose foremost defender he was, yet his name seldom reached the great outside world where there were newspapers and historians; and to-day he fills the grave of an almost unrecorded hero. Yet I suppose there was never a more remarkable life. Far out here, in the then un-Americanized Southwest, he was for over fifty years warring against the Apaches, Comanches, Navajos, and Utes. Over two hundred of his relatives have been killed by Indians. He participated in more than one hundred battles, and carried a scar for nearly every one. His body was such a network of ghastly cicatrices that scarcely could you lay your flat hand anywhere upon him without touching a scar. For the last fifteen years of his life it seemed



RUINS OF THE OLD CHURCH AT TAOS.

that the heroic soul alone held up the tatters of that once wiry body. While yet there was fighting to be done, he fought; but when the swarming savages had all been crushed into submission, and the quiet hero retired to his mountain home to enjoy the peace so bravely earned, peace was not for him. His awful wounds, the years of frightful exposure, had raised up against him a foe more merciless than the Apache. But stoical as a warrior at the stake, he bore his years of deadly torture as he had borne the hardships of the half-century that made his name a terror to the red marauders of the Southwest; and when at seventy-four the flickering soul went out, it was calmly as a little child's.

A courtly Spanish gentleman, brave as a lion, tender as a woman, spotless of honor, modest as heroic, was this haggard old man whom I loved as a father. He would seldom speak of his own achievements, and then only with utmost modesty. But to this day, in my roving through the lonelier corners of New Mexico, I keep stumbling upon some old man who was his companion-in-arms; and when I speak of Manuel Chaves, what a brightening there is of old eyes!

"*El Leoncito* (the little lion)! Truly I knew him — *Va!* Were we not side by side at Ojo de la Monica? And was it not he that shot down the Apache whose knife was even at my heart, and he shooting with an arrow through and through his

shoulder? *Ay de mi!* that there are no more like Don Manuel!"

Then I am sure of a story; and so from time to time, and all across the Southwest, I have been filling in the modest outlines the old hero occasionally gave me.

For us it is very hard to realize what life on the New Mexican frontier in his day was. There were no railroads then to make travel easy for even the timid and the weak; nor mails to bring far friends near; nor telegraphs to flash warning or hope. The lonely New Mexicans, shut off from the civilization, and almost from the knowledge of the East by a vast and fearful wilderness, were surrounded by savage nature and still more savage man. It was one of the bitterest lands on earth; a land of vast distances and scant product, of infinite thirst and little wherewith to quench it; a land of hardship eternal and daily danger, where boys were soldiers and mothers had to fight for their babes. It was almost as if there had been no other world beyond those awful plains. Whatever was consumed was made at home. There was no market. They had no rifles nor pistols for defence against the relentless savages, and little enough of any other armament. There was but a scant supply of the clumsy Spanish *escopetas* (flint-lock muskets), scarcely better weapons than the bows and arrows whose use the settlers learned from their enemies. Manuel was in his early

manhood a wonderfully expert archer, and won countless blankets and ponies from the Indians in trials of prowess during the short intervals of peace. Later he became the most wonderful rifle-shot New Mexico has ever produced.

Hemmed in by ruthless foes, the weak, scattered towns had practically no military protection, for that was before New Mexico had become part of the United States. It was then a province ruled by a governor sent up from Mother Mexico; a governor who swayed over his few countrymen the iron rule of a czar, but four-fifths of whose nominal subjects were hostile savages.

Manuel Chaves came of a fine old family of Valencia, Spain, whose earliest traced representative, Don Fernando Duran, acquired the title of de Chaves. Manuel's great-grandfather, Don Diego Antonio Duran de Chaves, was a colonel in the Spanish army, and in company with Don José Hurtado de Mendoza led a colony to this New World over two hundred years ago and founded Atrisco, just across the Rio Grande from where Albuquerque now stands, having a grant from the Spanish government. They were there when the bloody Pueblo uprising of 1680 took place, and were driven to El Paso, but later returned and took possession of their lands. Here in Atrisco Manuel was born in October, 1818. There was then no forecast of the present bustling town of Albuquerque, save the old fortress erected

over one hundred years before by the Spanish Duke of Albuquerque. When Manuel was very young, the family moved to Cebolleta, on the eastern slope of Mount San Mateo. This, the first colony in the Navajo country, was founded in 1800 by thirty heads of families from the Rio Grande. The youngest of the Spanish colonies, and sixty miles westward of any of them, it soon made up in experience what it lacked in age. For over half a century the tiny walled hamlet was never at peace. For the first five years of its existence it was almost constantly besieged; at one time, in 1804, by over five thousand Navajo warriors. Heavy odds, truly, for the thirty men of Cebolleta and the brave women of their households! In 1805 the colonists abandoned their town and started for the Rio Grande. At Laguna they received word from Governor Chacon to return, and he would send fifty soldiers to protect them. The soldiers formed thenceforth part of the colony, till one by one they were laid away in the little graveyard, sieved with Navajo arrows.

A stout stone wall, ten feet high, enclosed the whole of the tiny town, the houses being built continuously along its inside. The only entrance was closed by a narrow gate formed of planks two feet thick, hewn from two mammoth pines, and fastened by a ponderous bar. Despite this fortification—a remarkably strong one for those days—the Indians persisted in their attacks. In the great

siege to which I have alluded, the Navajos, besides their usual armament of bows, arrows, shields, and lances, had prepared and brought two thousand aboriginal hand grenades of pitch, with which to fire the town. The siege was a long and desperate one. The men of the town were kept on the alert, extinguishing the dangerous fire-balls and checking the constant assaults of their swarming foes, while the brave women were equally busy bringing water and food to the loopholes at which their husbands were stationed, binding up their wounds, and doing other necessary offices.

Indeed, one of the most heroic and important exploits of this siege was performed by a woman, Doña Antonia Romero. The assault had become terrific, and to feed the fainting men more quickly and safely, she had taken an axe and cut through the adobe partitions from house to house. Then mounting to a housetop to see if all was going well, she was horrified to see that a brave Navajo had stealthily climbed over the gate, and was just removing the ponderous bar, while a swarm of his companions waited outside to rush in the instant the heavy gate should swing open. There was no time to call for help. Quick as a flash, the heroic woman caught up a fifty pound *metate* (the native stone hand-mill), which was lying upon the roof, swung it above her head, and brought it down with terrific force full upon the skull of the Navajo, who was too busy to notice what was going on above

him. His head was crushed like an eggshell, and again the town was saved. Doña Antonia's husband, Don Domingo Baca, was worthy so plucky a spouse. In one assault, at hand-to-hand combat, he was pierced by seven lances, and his abdomen was so torn that his bowels fell out. He caught up a pillow, lashed it around his belly, and continued loading and firing for several hours, until the fury of the attack was spent. He then replaced his dangling entrails and sewed up the wound himself. He lived for many years. At one time, during this siege, the Indians made a breach in the wall at night, and one hundred of them got into the *placita* (inner court). The breach was stopped, however, and the intruders were killed from the surrounding houses. The colonists fortunately had sixty venerable Spanish flintlocks, which saved them from the overwhelming numbers of the savages. The Navajos finally gave up the siege, which had been disastrous to both sides, but never ceased their desultory warfare. Despite its fearful besetments the little colony kept alive, and became famous throughout the Territory for its heroic warriors. They were the flower of New Mexico.

And so Cebolleta struggled on till 1850, when it received the most stunning blow it has ever known. Pedro Chaves (oldest brother of Manuel) used to go to the Rio Grande settlements, and take contracts from those in need of domestic "help," to furnish them Navajo girls at five hundred dollars

per head. Then he would get his fellow-Cebolletans together, and they would start out on a campaign, strike a band of hostile Navajos, kill the warriors, and bring the women and children home for servants. The rivalry among the young men to prove their courage led to exploits no whit behind the doughtiest of chivalric deeds. It was no uncommon thing for a young Cebolletan to spur ahead of the company, seize a Navajo warrior by the hair, and try to drag him from his horse and bring him back alive — a recklessness which sometimes succeeded.

In January, 1850, Don Ramon Luna was returning from a big campaign against the Navajos, at the head of about one thousand New Mexican volunteers. The weather was fearfully cold and it was snowing heavily. Colonel Luna encamped at Los Alamitos (now Grant's Station, on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad), giving orders that his men should keep close together, as the Navajos were hanging on their flanks. Captain Pedro Chaves, however, was a very headstrong fellow, and he and his thirty men being in a hurry to get home to Cebolleta, they quietly left the command at nightfall and rode thirty-five miles north. They camped late in the beautiful cañon at San Miguel and played games till nearly daybreak. No sooner had they fallen asleep than three hundred Indians fell upon them and massacred them to a man, but only after a desperate resistance, in which many Indians

fell. José Manuel Arragon survived his wounds eleven days, and had been dead but a few minutes when a searching party from Cebolleta reached the spot. Captain Chaves' head was found on top of the mountain. His white-haired widow still lives in San Mateo.

In Cebolleta young Manuel lived until he was eighteen, sharing the hardships of his elders; and then began, so far as we have record, his roving. That year, in company with his elder brother José, and fourteen other young men, including an Indian boy named Pahe, he started for Cañon de Chusca, one hundred and fifty miles west, to trade with the Navajos, who were just then resting on their arms. What a commentary on the times in which they lived — this seeking a market in the very stronghold of the savages from whose attacks they were not safe even at home!

The little party had several pack-mules loaded with goods, and was armed with bows and arrows and the clumsy old Spanish flintlocks. Reaching Cañon de Chusca, they were amicably received, unpacked their goods, and camped among the Indians. In the night the treacherous savages fell upon them, and, after a fierce fight, killed all but Don Manuel and Pahe. The latter received an ugly arrow-wound over the left nipple, but escaped further injury by hiding behind a rock. Manuel had been left by the Indians as dead, with seven arrows sticking in his body. The cold night

air, however, finally revived him; and, crawling about the bloody field, he found Pahe living, and the corpses of all the rest. Eighteen dead Indians attested the resistance of the little band. Having wrapped his brother's corpse in a blanket, and buried it at the bottom of the cañon, Manuel took his bow and musket, and, with Pahe, started on the fearful journey homeward on foot. It was in July, and fearfully hot. After two days and nights they reached Ojo del Oso, the beautiful spring where Fort Wingate now stands. Here Manuel stripped off his clothes, stiff with blood, and, jumping into the cold spring, washed his wounds till they bled anew, afterward washing and drying his clothes. Pahe would not wash, but plugged his wound with the soft film from the inner side of a buckskin. In the morning when Manuel awoke somewhat refreshed, he found his companion dead and fearfully swollen. Burying the boy beside the spring, the brave young trader resumed his agonizing journey, travelling only by night, as the country was now infested by Navajos. The ninety miles to Cebolleta took him three nights. He passed through what is now San Mateo, and rested all day under two fine live oaks, in whose gratefully remembered shade he later built the little chapel in which his family now worship. At Laguno Larga, on the mountain, he fell exhausted and unable to go any further. He had had nothing to eat since leaving Chusca, save

the pulpy leaves of the prickly pear, and his seven wounds were bleeding again. A hungry coyote had followed his bleeding footsteps now for two whole days. Here he was found by a faithful Indian servant, who made a rough chair of oak boughs, and carried him safely to Cebolleta on his back.

Among his companions on this fatal expedition were two blacksmiths, Ramon Sena of Santa Fé, and José Castillo of Cebolleta. He had left them at the *hogan* of Chief Chatto to make silver bridle ornaments, and supposed they had been massacred too. Head Chief Manuelito, however, sent them safely home with an escort of eighteen young braves, who slept in the house of Manuel's mother. His eldest brother, Pedro, prepared to have them killed in their sleep, but Manuel secretly rose from his sick bed, armed the Navajos with muskets, and then told Pedro to let them alone. Next day Manuel gathered volunteers, who escorted the Navajos half way home.

Recovering from his wounds, young Chaves went to visit his grandmother at Atrisco. At that juncture a party of German traders, with six hundred burros and many horses and mules, came up from Sonora on their way to New Orleans. They engaged Manuel as their *major-domo*,¹ and hired fourteen other young New Mexicans to care for the

¹ Overseer.

animals under his charge. Among them was Manuel's younger brother, Juan. Near New Orleans the traders leased a large plantation, and left the animals there in charge of Manuel all winter. In the spring they sold all their burros at one hundred dollars per head, and gave up the plantation. The rest of the boys returned to New Mexico; but Manuel and his brother remained. They had met a handsome and brilliant young Cuban named Alfonso Fernandez, who, knowing that Manuel had several hundred dollars, proposed that they go to St. Louis and open a fruit store. They did so, and for two years had a prosperous business, Manuel making trips to New Orleans for fruit. The firm was several thousand dollars ahead, Juan was put to school, and all was going well. But during one of Manuel's trips to New Orleans, Fernandez took all the money, sold the stock, and fled. When Manuel returned and learned of this, he vowed to follow and punish his faithless partner. He sold his cargo of fruit for what he could get, and secured Juan a position in the store of Señor Navarrez, then a wealthy old Spanish merchant of St. Louis, and a warm friend of Manuel's. Juan subsequently married a daughter of Navarrez, and a few years later was drowned in the Mississippi.

Manuel followed the trail of Fernandez to New York, but arrived there just too late. Fernandez had sailed the day before for Havana, and Manuel had no money left to follow him. So he worked

his way back to St. Louis, suffering many hardships. A big wagon-train, principally owned by Ambrosio Armijo and José Chaves, was on the point of starting for Santa Fé, and with it he returned to New Mexico.

Manuel now settled in Santa Fé, and devoted himself to raising blooded horses. He was conceded to be the best rider in all this territory of superb horsemen.

Soon after his marriage to a dark-eyed belle of Tome, Manuel became involved in a difficulty with his great-uncle, the Spanish Governor Armijo, and had to flee to Utah, where he remained with a band of French trappers for some time. Then the Utes became so troublesome that Armijo sent Manuel a pardon, and requested him to come back and lead an expedition against the Indians, which he did with notable success. Returning from the campaign, he sold his fast horses, and took contracts from the Mexican government. At about this time the party of Americans led by "General" Cook reached New Mexico, and acting under orders from Armijo, Chaves enrolled one hundred volunteers and arrested the whole outfit at Anton Chico, on the Pecos, thirty miles from Las Vegas. Armijo subsequently sent these prisoners to the city of Mexico in charge of a Captain Salazar, who treated them very cruelly. They were finally released from their Mexican prison and made their way home.

Then came the Mexican War and the invasion of New Mexico by General Price and the American army. Governor Armijo had six hundred Mexican dragoons, regulars, in Santa Fé, and, after a conference with the Chaveses, the Bacas, the Pinos, and other leading men of the Territory, raised an army of one thousand volunteers, Don Manuel being put in command. The combined forces started out to meet the invaders; but at Glorieta, Armijo concluded that he didn't need the volunteers, but would take the Gringos and the glory himself with his dragoons. So he disbanded the volunteers and sent them all home. Before General Price reached Glorieta, Armijo weakened, and incontinently fled to Old Mexico with his dragoons. Price marched into Santa Fé without firing a shot, and took possession in the name of the United States. He issued a proclamation telling the people that they would be protected in their persons and property if they would give their allegiance to the new government; and, glad to be rid of the insufferable despotism of Armijo, the people readily acquiesced.

All went smoothly till malignant fellows told Price that the Pinos of Santa Fé, the Chaveses and Bacas of the Rio Grande, and all the priests in the Territory were plotting an insurrection in which every American was to be assassinated, and that Manuel Chaves was to kill Price himself. Price at once put Don Manuel, Don Nicolas Pino,

Don Miguel Pino, and other prominent men under arrest. The Bacas fled to Old Mexico along with Don Diego Archuleta of Rio Arriba, who had been New Mexico's delegate to the Mexican Congress. All were soon released save Don Manuel and Nicolas Pino, who were kept in jail thirty days. Don Manuel was finally court-martialed, but there was not the remotest evidence against him, and his manly defence won the admiration of General Price, who was ever after his warm friend. A few days after his release came the revolution at Taos, in which Governor Bent, Kit Carson's friend, was killed. Having learned of Don Manuel's prowess as an Indian fighter, General Price requested him to assist in putting down the rebellion. Accordingly, Señor Chaves and Don Nicolas Pino enlisted in the company of Captain Zeran St. Vrain, and marched to Taos. The rebels and their Apache allies were routed after a fearful struggle, during which Don Manuel laid the foundation for one of the warmest friendships of his life. He and St. Vrain — who was a magnificent two hundred and forty-pounder — became separated a little from the command, and were fighting almost side by side to drive off a party of Indians approaching in front. Suddenly a gigantic Apache sprang from behind a bush, struck St. Vrain's rifle from his hand, and grappled him in mortal combat. St. Vrain was stronger than the Indian, but no match for him in quickness or endurance;

and when Chaves turned his eye an instant from the advancing foe, he was horrified to see the American at the last gasp of exhaustion, while the Apache was just lifting his murderous knife. Cool, as always, Chaves put a ball through the heart of an advancing Indian, and, whirling like lightning, brought the ponderous barrel of his old Hawkins rifle down upon the head of the Apache with such force that his eyes bulged from their sockets as he rolled over dead, without a groan. "In less than a second," St. Vrain used to say, "that knife would have been in my heart." St. Vrain afterward bought from the grantees that four-million-acre tract on the Animas River, Colorado, known as the St. Vrain grant. He never forgot his preserver, and offered him a half-ownership in the grant if he would settle there — an offer which Mr. Chaves felt obliged to decline.

A long and bloody series of Indian campaigns followed, in which Don Manuel played a prominent part. In 1855, as colonel of a regiment of volunteers, he made a six months' campaign against the Utes, punishing them fearfully, and winning recognition from the War Department for distinguished bravery. In 1857 came the fearful outbreak of Cuchillo Negro, the most terrible of all Apaches. The renegades were smearing the whole south of the Territory with blood, and General Loring — subsequently of the Confederate army, and still later "Loring Pasha" of Egypt — was

sent out with two hundred regular troops to quell them. With his command was Colonel Chaves, as captain of sixty Mexican volunteers. They followed the Apaches clear into the Sierra Madre of Mexico — the more recent scene of the brilliant campaigns of General Crook and General Miles against Geronimo. They had many hard fights on the way, but no decisive ones; and the men, worn out by the terrific speed of the Indians, were grumbling sorely. General Loring, one night, was about to call a final halt to the chase; but Colonel Chaves, whose company embraced many of the finest trailers in New Mexico, assured him that the enemy were not far ahead. That very evening trailers found the hostile camp at the bottom of a deep cañon, and reported to Colonel Chaves, who in turn notified General Loring. Acting on Chaves's advice, the command was allowed a few hours' sleep, and then moved noiselessly upon the foe. One company was sent to the mouth of the cañon, another to its head, and the sixty volunteers, with General Loring and Colonel Chaves in the lead, stole down the precipitous side and took the Apaches completely by surprise. Colonel Chaves captured Cuchillo Negro, whom he knew well, with his own hand, and General Loring put the precious prisoner in charge of Captain "Adobe" Johnson, with strict orders not to harm a hair of his head. Loring wished to send the famous chief to Washington, but when they

returned from pursuing the hostiles, Johnson had wantonly slain his prisoner. Johnson afterward became a terror to the whole lower country, being a violent and unprincipled man. He was shot dead in a drunken brawl in Hillsboro, New Mexico, two or three years ago. This campaign settled the Apache question for awhile. The War Department again issued very complimentary orders, in which Manuel Chaves was named for conspicuous services.

Don Manuel now removed to Ojuelos, eighteen miles east of Los Lunas, and started a sheep ranch in company with his brother-in-law, the well-known Lorenzo Labadie. Here he had many savage encounters with the Indians. In 1859 the Navajos became again such a fearful scourge to the whole Territory that prominent citizens convened in Bernalillo, and raised funds to equip five hundred volunteers, who marched with Colonel Chaves in command, at the same time that General Canby started with four hundred regulars. The campaign lasted several months, and completely quieted the Navajos for the time being. In it, too, Colonel Chaves won fresh honors.

Roman A. Baca, the brilliant young half-brother whom Colonel Chaves had reared, was eighteen years old when he accompanied the colonel in this Indian campaign as a common volunteer. He was ambitious to be a captain, but did not wish it to be said that he was promoted because of his

relationship. Just at the opening of a fierce fight he said to Colonel Chaves:—

“Tell me something to do to earn a captaincy.”

A big Navajo was riding just ahead of his fellows, waving a red blanket and defying the New Mexicans.

“Do you see that Indian?” said Colonel Chaves. “Bring me his scalp and I will make you a captain. Come back without it and I will kill you.”

Roman leaped upon his fine horse—he was then the finest rider in all New Mexico—and dashed out to meet the big Indian, who also spurred up to the charge. As they drew close the Indian fired, but missed, and Roman put a bullet through his heart. Tearing the bleeding scalp from its place he rode back amid a rain of bullets and arrows and was appointed a captain on the spot.

Roman was in command of twenty New Mexican trailers and guides, and at Cienega Amarilla captured a Navajo and took him to his tent. Canby heard of this and ordered that the prisoner be sent to his tent.

“Tell General Canby for me,” said young Baca, “that if he wants a Navajo he had better go and catch one, as I did.”

And forthwith he hung the Navajo to a tree in front of his camp. Canby sent a lieutenant and a squad to arrest the audacious chief of scouts; but Roman picked up his rifle and threatened to shoot if they came any nearer.

“He means what he says,” said Colonel Chaves warningly ; and the lieutenant went back to Canby to report. As Canby had only four hundred regulars, and the volunteers were all in favor of Roman, the arrest was wisely given up.

In 1860 a large band of Navajos swept down on the Rio Grande settlements, and drove off fifty thousand head of sheep. Don Manuel was summoned from his Ojuelos rancho, and with his half-brother Roman and fourteen picked men, followed the raiders. He overtook the Navajos at Ojo de la Monica, routed them, and recovered the sheep. Next morning his camp was entirely surrounded by hostiles. Roman had stopped at Fort Craig for a frolic, promising to catch up next day, but he failed to come. From sunrise to dark the heroic fifteen fought off the swarming Navajos. Colonel Chaves had posted each man behind a tree, and at intervals walked from one to another to cheer them up. It was the deadliest struggle ever recorded in New Mexico. One by one the brave Mexicans sank transfixed by arrows. One daring Indian on a fine black horse was conspicuous all day, rallying his companions to the fight. At last, in a desperate charge, he was shot dead by Colonel Chaves within twenty feet. At the beginning of the fight the colonel had eighty-two bullets ; at its close he had fired eighty, and for every one an Indian or a horse had fallen. He never fired until dead sure of killing. His own escape was miracu-

lous, especially as he had a red handkerchief around his neck all day, being too hard pressed to take it off. José Maria Chaves, at his side, was shot through by a big Indian from behind a log fifty yards away ; but, as the Indian opened his mouth in a yell of joy, Manuel stopped it with a bullet that carried away the back of the redskin's head. At nightfall there were but two men living, Don Manuel and Roman Sanchez, and both fearfully wounded. In the nick of time, Roman Baca arrived from Fort Craig, with a company of soldiers, and rescued the two survivors of that desperate day. The sheep were all recovered and returned to their owners.

In the spring of 1860 Colonel Chaves was at his lambing camp at Salada, forty miles east of the Rio Grande, when an excited messenger arrived from Hon. Francisco Chaves with the news that two hundred raiding Apaches were heading that way. Colonel Chaves had forty men, including his wife's step-father and his own eldest son, Hon. Amado Chaves, then a boy of ten. Not at all disturbed by this gruesome news, which frightened the shepherds out of their seven senses, Colonel Chaves saw that the muskets were in good order, and gave the necessary directions. No alarm came that night, and the New Mexicans slept on their arms. Early in the morning a shepherd came running back from his *atajo*¹ saying that he saw the

¹ Flock.

Apaches coming. Colonel Chaves rode up to a little knoll, and with his field-glass counted twenty-two Indians with seventeen rifles. Returning to camp, he told the men that there were but twenty-two Indians in sight, but that the whole two hundred were doubtless near, and they must be prepared to meet them all. He then assigned to each man the tree he should take shelter behind, warned them not to fire till the Indians were within fifty feet, and then ordered breakfast to be prepared. There had been a holy day just before, and his wife had sent him a box of cakes and other dainties. These he now produced and distributed to the badly scared shepherds, who felt little appetite, as they could plainly see the murderous Apaches rapidly drawing near. Not till the Indians were within five hundred yards did Colonel Chaves allow the men to scatter to their trees, and having seen them all properly stationed, he took his little boy by the hand and ran with the old man a few rods up the hill to his own tree.

The Apaches, seeing the running, made a rush for the camp. Beside the fire lay Colonel Chaves's valuable silver mounted saddle and bridle and a gay Navajo blanket of great price. Two Indians made for these, and just as one had got the blanket under his arm, he fell sprawling with an ounce ball from Chaves's rifle in his brain. The other grabbed the blanket from the big pot of *atole*,¹ into which

¹ A sweet gruel of ground roasted corn.

it had fallen, and turned to run. "Shoot him, padre!" shouted the colonel to his father-in-law; but when he saw that the old man was shaking with fright, he said, "Wait! Don't shoot!" Hastily ramming home a ball in his own rifle, he threw it to a level, and the second Apache fell with a red hole in the back of his neck. Colonel Chaves had tied his two fine horses to a tree, and put two of his best men behind other trees twenty feet away, to stop the Indians who should rush for the horses. To his disgust, two Apaches took the horses without a shot. The explanation of this is interesting. Concepcion "Baca" (now an interpreter for Geronimo in Florida) had been captured from his Sonora home in boyhood by the Apaches, and had been raised by them until recaptured by New Mexicans and adopted by one of the Baca family. He had lain behind his tree awaiting a chance to kill the two Indians who were coming for the horses; but when he recognized in one of them the same cruel old Apache who had raised him, with frequent barbarous beatings, the inbred boyhood terror came back to him, and he could not pull a trigger to save his life. Concepcion is a very interesting little old fellow, with whom I have passed many pleasant hours. The two Apaches who took the horses were killed by Colonel Chaves, and their scalps were taken by an Indian shepherd. A few years later, when Amado was sent to Washington to be educated, he carried

the scalps, bows, shields, and lances of those two Apaches to Colonel Frank Chaves, who gave these interesting relics to Reverdy Johnson.

All Colonel Chaves's brothers and half-brothers were brave men. Indeed, they could not well have been otherwise. He frequently said that he would kill any brother of his who should play the coward, and all who knew him knew he meant what he said. It is related that on one occasion when, with only eight men, he was in a desperate fight with scores of Navajos, some of his men wanted to run. Colonel Chaves quietly counted out eight of his twenty bullets and put them in a separate pocket. "These," said he, "are for those that turn coward." Knowing his iron resolution and his marvellous aim, no one dared to desert, and the Indians were stood off till re-enforcements arrived.

In 1864 Manuel's warm friend, Don Juan Cristobal Armijo, sent his son to Manuel's ranch with the news that the Apaches had stolen two hundred head of his mules and were on their way to the Manzano Mountains. He and a party were pursuing, but feared they could not overtake the fugitives ere they reached the mountains. Would Don Manuel gather some men and head them off? There was no man in the house save Manuel and his son-in-law, then lying at the point of death; but Manuel never hesitated. "How many Apaches?" he asked young Armijo. "Twenty,"

was the reply. "Come on, then, we'll stop them," said Colonel Chaves. "Not much; I'm no fool," replied the youth. Colonel Chaves saddled his fleet mare, slung his heavy rifle along the saddle, and galloped out at right angles to the presumed course of the Indians. Coming to the top of a timbered hill, he saw the Apaches coming toward him; while some twenty miles in the rear his field-glass showed the dust of the pursuing Mexicans. When the Indians were within two miles, he rode boldly out from the timber into the prairie to meet them, at the same time signalling back to the trees. The bold "bluff" was successful. The Apaches, never dreaming that one man would have the audacity to face twenty of them, and believing he must have a strong force at his back, scattered to the mountains, and there fortified themselves, abandoning the stolen stock. In hastening home to his sick son-in-law, Don Manuel had a serious mishap. The mare fell on him, breaking his leg so badly that he was three months in bed. He remounted and rode home, however,

In 1861 Don Manuel received from President Lincoln his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Regiment New Mexico Volunteers, of which Miguel Pino was colonel. Moving from their first station at Fort Fauntleroy (now Wingate), the regiment reached Valverde just before the battle there with the rebels under Sibley. General Roberts was driving the Confederates till

Canby took personal command, and then the Union forces were routed. The rebels started up the river to capture Fort Union, the most important post and supply depot in the Territory. Canby followed them, sending Colonel Chaves with fifty picked men to get ahead of the enemy, run off stock, and destroy supplies — a programme which he brilliantly carried out. His force swelling to two hundred men, he kept on to Fort Union and joined Colonel Chevington, who had come with his gallant regiment of Colorado volunteers, “the Pike’s Peaks.” They came down to Glorieta to meet the advancing rebels, and in the narrow pass of Cañoncito gave a terrible lesson to the drunken invaders. Colonel Chaves and Captain Lewis captured the rebel battery on a sharp hill; and then in a gallant dash captured and fired the whole rebel wagon train, destroying all their ammunition and provisions. The rebels fled in confusion, and their stragglers demoralized another force which was hard pressing General Slough at Glorieta, a few miles away. The eyes and the hearts of the East were on greater battlefields nearer home; and to this day few realize how much was meant by that “little fight” which drove Sibley and his guerrillas back to Texas, and saved New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, and California to the Union.

When the volunteers disbanded, Colonel Chaves returned to his Ojuelos ranch, only to find that

the Navajos had stolen his horses and his thirty thousand head of sheep, and left him penniless. His claim therefor has been approved by Congress, and his great-grandchildren may get the money. He then moved to the Pecos, and later to San Mateo, where he ended his days. For more than two decades, after New Mexico's share in the war of the Rebellion was over, there were frequent Indian outbreaks, in most of which Colonel Chaves was a prominent figure.

Ah, what a rifle-shot was the withered, wiry old man, even when I knew him! New Mexico has never had another such marksman as he was in his prime; and his six-foot, muzzle-loading rifle, of enormous caliber, was never excelled by the finest modern arms that tried conclusions with it. In all his long life — in nearly fifty years of which never six months at a time were without warfare — he never was known to miss but one shot. And never did he have to shoot twice at bear or deer or mountain lion, and seldom more than once at human foes.

I shall never forget my mingled amusement and awe at an incident which occurred when he was seventy-two years old and suffering fearfully from a cataract in his eye. We were out with his grandson, Rodolfo Otero, a gallant lad and an admirable shot. Rodolfo had a fine new Winchester, with which he was doing some very clever shooting. "Try it, grandpa," he kept urging the worn old

man, bent and wasted by disease. He had never trusted our modern magazine guns, but at last yielded to Rodolfo's entreaties.

"Go put me a mark on yon cedar," he said, pointing to a gnarled tree a full hundred yards away. Rodolfo ran over, and — considerate of his grandfather's age and condition — fastened to the tree a paper some six inches across.

"*Va!*" cried the old man, calling him back. "What thinkest thou, *hijito*? That I am as the moles? Here, take thou this bullet, and make me its mark on that paper!"

Rodolfo did so. My eyes are none the worst in the world, but *I* could not even *see* that distant, tiny dot. Colonel Chaves raised the rifle in his withered hands, looked painfully at the fluttering paper, threw the rifle to his shoulder and fired — all in the time in which one might have counted five.

"*Pues!*" he said, as the smoke cleared. "Now it sees itself better;" and he fired again with the same rapidity. And when we walked up to the mark, the first bullet was in the very spot Rodolfo had marked, and the second so close beside it that the flattened bits of lead touched!

Little wonder that such a marksman, as cool in mortal danger as in sport, a born commander and a noble man, was the terror of the savages, and was loved and is mourned by those he helped to defend.



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